



Thomas Osbornent Davis
The life of the Right Honour-
able John Philpot Curran
and

The life of the Right Honour-
able Henry Grattan
by
D. O. Madden



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A PLAGIARISED and mangled imitation of the following "Life of Curran" having been lately printed, the Publisher of this series is compelled to republish Mr. Davis's original work in a cheaper form. He does so in order to preserve his own rights, and the literary reputation of the Author.

There is no form in which it can be again presented to the Irish people, more appropriate than as a volume of the LIBRARY OF IRELAND,—a series, of which Mr. Davis was the principal originator.

An anxiety to preserve Mr. Davis's text intact has prevented the insertion of extracts from Curran's speeches, and of other, perhaps useful, matter relative to the time. The reader who may feel an anxiety to inquire further

into the life, or to study the oratory of Curran, will find full field for his labor in the large edition of the Life and Speeches of that great orator, by Mr. Davis.

To Mr. Davis's work the Publisher has added the Memoir of Grattan, by Mr. D. O. Madden. This memoir is deficient. It wants all mention of Grattan's career during the most interesting period of Irish history,—the Union.

That defect has been remedied in this volume, the Publisher trusts satisfactorily.

JAMES DUFFY.

10, Wellington Quay, Dublin.
1st September, 1846.

THE LIFE
OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

IN the north-west corner of the county of Cork stands the little town of Newmarket. It is in a land of moors and streams. Just north of it slope the Ure hills, part of the upland which sweeps forty miles across from Liscarroll to Tralee, and far south of it, over the valley of the Blackwater, from the mountains of Muskerry, changing, as they approach Killarney, into precipitous peaks. A brook tumbles on each side of it to the Avendala river, and, a few miles off, the Avendala and Allo, and a dozen other tributaries, swell the tide of the Blackwater.

In old times, the town belonged to the M'Auliffes, a small but resolute clan. One of their castles was close by. They ranged

their coulined pikemen and hardy kerne under the banners of M'Carha or Desmond, and shared the fate of their suzerains in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Then much was changed.

To the M'Auliffes succeeded the Aldworths, an Anglo-Saxon family. A grant and charter from James I., confirmed by Charles II., made them owners of a great estate and lords of a manor of 32,000 acres. Among their privileges was the right to hold a market on every Thursday,—and, on this account, the town came to be called Newmarket. The castle of M'Auliffe fell to ruin; it is to this day empty and picturesque. The Aldworths built still nearer the town a great substantial "Newmarket House," and surrounded it with elm, and beech, and sycamore, and made a straight avenue of ash trees, which grew to be giants,—for the family, though hospitable and good, were not so extravagant as their neighbors,—a bridge succeeded the ford, and the parish church of Clonfert rose over the western brook. Some gentry of both races grew up around the town, and it went on improving, until several snug houses and a lot of cabins were clustered in it. Two roads—one from Mallow to Tralee, and the other from Charleville to Killarney—crossed in the town, and, therefore, not a few horsemen and footmen, fish-joulters and tinkers, lords and pedlars,

going between Cork and Kerry, passed through Newmarket.

In this town Curran was born and bred.

John Philpot Curran was the son of a judge! It happened in this way. Early in the last century "one Curran, from the North," settled in the town, and had a son, James, who learned reading, writing, and cyphering, certainly, and, it is said, some Greek and Latin. The son of a North-country Protestant, thus instructed, James Curran was patronized by the Aldworth family, and was finally appointed by them Seneschal of their Manor of Newmarket. As Seneschal he had jurisdiction to the value of forty shillings, and thus the father of Curran was a judge.

This James Curran was an ugly man, for he bore a coarse likeness to his son, and 'tis certain he was an ordinary soul. Nevertheless, a judge and a scholar, he had honor in his native place, and won the hand of Sarah Philpot. She was of gentle blood, and, what is more to our purpose, she had a deep, fresh, womanly irregular mind; it was like the clear river of her town, that came gushing and flashing, and discoursing from the lonely mountains—from the outlaw's and the fairy's home—down to the village. She had, under an exalted piety, a waste of passions and traditions lying grand and gloomy in her soul, and thence, a bright human love of her son

came pouring out on him, and making him grow green at her feet. Well, then, did he place on her tomb in Newmarket this inscription:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

SARAH CURRAN;

SHE WAS MARKED BY

MANY YEARS, MANY TALENTS, MANY VIRTUES, FEW FAILINGS, NO CRIME.

THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL WAS PLACED HERE BY A SON WHOM SHE LOVED.*

On the 24th of July, 1750, when people in Newmarket were talking of Lucas's Popish plots, the Dublin Society, the war, and the Cork assizes, the house in which Seneschal Curran lived was agitated by the going in and out of midwife, nurse, and neighbors, and, at a prosperous moment, his wife was delivered of her eldest born, who, some days after, was christened John Philpot.

He grew up a light-limbed, short, brown boy, with an eye like a live coal. He had a sensitive heart, loved his little brothers and sisters; but he loved his mother best, and well he might. She doated on him, and petted him, and taught him much. She soothed him with soft lullabies that sent the passions

* She died in a year or two after he had become Master of the Rolls.

of his country into his young heart; she flooded him with the stories and memories of the neighborhood, she nursed up in him love, and truth, and earnestness, by her precept and her example, and she taught him his Bible.

His father's position threw him into contact with high and low, informed him of the ways of all the people in the country, and must have sharpened his sagacity.

There were in these days, too, more marked customs than there are now. Thrice in the autumn, and once in the summer, in came cattle and pigs, horse-dealers and frieze-dealers, cheese and hens, match-makers and pedlars, to the fair of Newmarket, and Curran got his toys and his share of the bustle and life with the rest. He was an early attendant at dances and wakes, and there he might gloat over traditions about the unfinished palace of Kanturk, and the hapless love of Catharine Ny Cormick; he might hear the old strollers and rapparees tell of William's wars; and the piper blew his merry jigs by the wild notes to which Alister M'Donnell marched to battle at Knocknanoi, and the wilder ones with which the women mourned over his corpse.

Such was the atmosphere in which he lived, — the hills and the streams, his father's court, the fairs and markets, and merry-makings, and

his mother's lap. He learned much passion and sharpness, and some vices, too.

He went early to school, and it is said had a Kanturk boy, young Yelverton (afterwards Chief Baron Lord Avonmore), and Day his school-fellows: but he was a vehement boy, fonder of fun than books.

One morning he was playing marbles in the ball-alley, and playing tricks too (for he was wild with winning taws), when in strolled a large white-haired, kind-looking old man. Seeing the young marble-winner the centre of fun, and as hearty as his own laugh, the old man was attracted by him, began a gossip, and, finally, by a few cakes, induced him to go home to the rectory. This man was Mr. Boyse, who used to preach as earnestly as if he were pastor of the thousands of Roman Catholics who surrounded him, instead of ministering to the Aldworths, Allens, Currans, and a few more.

Mr. Boyse taught him reading, grammar, and the rudiments of the classics, "all he could." Curran thrived under his care, and never forgot him. Once returning home to Ely place, from a day of triumphant toil in court, he found a patriarch seated familiarly at his drawing-room fire. It was his benefactor. Curran grasped him: "You are right; Sir," he said, "you are right; the chimney-piece is yours, the pictures are yours, the

house is yours; you gave me all I have,— my friend, my father.” That night Boyse went with the member for Kilbeggan to “the old house in College Green.”

Curran was not “all work and no play” at Boyse’s. He dashed out often,— God bless him! One of his freaks was this:—A show was in the town, and the string-puller being ill, young Curran got leave to “manage.” He went on properly enough for a while with the courtship and quarrels of Punch and Judy, but gradually made that matron tell her husband all the cosherings of Newmarket, and ended by quizzing the priest! ’Twas a bold trick, for which he and the show-box were tumbled into the gutter. Whether he did this in Irish or English does not appear, for he spoke both languages before he could read either.

Still these were bursts; he was a willing pupil at Boyse’s, and that kind, modest man, finding he could teach him no more, gave him a good man’s advice, and sent him to Middleton school, partly at his own expense. One Carey kept this school. He was a passable man, who knew Greek and Latin well.

In that flat-land town he worked up classics for Trinity College. He was to enter the Church, for his mother hoped “John would be a bishop.” There he learned to love the sweet-voiced romances of Virgil,

the cold and exquisite lyrics of Horace, and the living deeds and men of Homer. He carried much of them in his head, and generally one of them in his pocket ever after. He used to read Homer once a year, and Phillips says he saw him reading the *Æneid* in a Holyhead packet, when every one else was deadly sick.

How far the gaities of Horace and Ovid, or the example of *Æneas*, influenced his naturally fine qualities as a wit and a lover, it is easy to guess; but we see little other effect of these classics in his life. To be sure there are lots of his classical puns to be found in O'Regan and Phillips, some quotations in his speech for Judge Johnson, and a poem on a plate-warmer, giving a history of "The Decline and Fall" of the Heathen gods. But except the likeness between the exordium of his defence of Rowan and Cicero's of Milo, there is little of classic influence observable in his speeches. Surely, he owes more to the wakes and his mother's stories about ghosts and heroes, and to the Bible and Sterne, than to all the classics; and he got still more from his loving and ambitious spirit,—from the changeful climate of his country, and from the restless times which troubled him to action. Yet books of all kinds, English, French, and Latin, helped to give articulation to those laughs, and sighs,

and curses. For 'tis of these his eloquence consists.

He was sufficiently ground at Middleton to get a Sizarship in Trinity College. This was on the 16th of June, 1767, when, therefore, he was not quite seventeen years old. His tutor was Doctor Dobbin, who did nothing for him. As a Sizar, he had free rooms and commons in college, and, thus rewarded, he read a little (unlike most young men about him), got a Scholarship in 1770, and began reading for a fellowship. He was then, and ever, an earnest, though not a monotonous student of men and books.

Being designed for the Church he studied divinity, and got a little of the mannerism of his intended profession, as we see in a prosy letter of consolation, written to his dear friend, "Dick Stack,"* in 1770. In his time he wrote two sermons. One was written for this Dick Stack, to preach before the Judges of Assize, at Cork. The other was preached in College Chapel, as a punishment, and in it he gloriously mimicked the Censor, Doctor Patrick Duigenan! — an eruption worthy of him who satirized Newmarket, when twelve years old. We cannot look at the college pulpit without fancying we see the giggling eye, and hear the solemn voice of that wild boy.

* This gentleman afterwards got a Fellowship, and wrote a Treatise on Optics, long a college text-book.

Besides the classics and the Bible, he was fondest of Sterne, and of Rousseau's *Eloisa*. He liked metaphysical discussions, too, and they led him to a bargain with a friend, that whoever died first should visit the other on the death night. His friend died first, and broke his word. Curran was also a lover, a punster, and a ready hand in the rows which "The Gownsmen" used to have every night with "The Townsmen." The students then were generally older than they are now, and society more dissipated and ferocious. The college gown was not only an uniform,—with a stone or a key slung in it, it became a weapon. Nor were the sticks and fists of "The Townsmen" idle. His son says, that one night Curran was left senseless on the flags, and, doubtless, many a sore knock he gave and got. He was continually getting into scrapes with "The Board" by his humor and wildness, and getting out of them by his ready wit. In short, he was the wittiest and dreamiest, the most classical and ambitious, of the scamps of Trinity College.

He gave up all thoughts of the church on coming of age; and, having graduated, he went to London, and entered the Middle Temple, intending, like all law students, to be Lord Chancellor, and something more. His son's book contains a merry narrative—a little spoiled by imitation of Sterne—of his

journey to London, in a letter, written from his lodgings, "31, Chandos street." Part of this letter is important and characteristic:—

"I am determined to apply to reading this vacation with the utmost diligence, in order to attend the Courts next winter with more advantage. If I should happen to visit Ireland next summer, I shall spend a week before I go in seeing the curiosities here (the King, and Queen, and the lions); and if I continue in my present mood, you will see a strange alteration in your poor friend. That cursed fever brought me down so much, and my spirits are so reduced, that, faith, I don't remember to have laughed these six weeks. Indeed, I never thought solitude could lean so heavily on me as I find it does. I rise, most commonly, in the morning between five and six, and read as much as my eyes will permit me till dinner-time: I then go out and dine, and from that till bed-time I mope about between my lodgings and the Park. For heaven's sake send me some news or other (for, surely, Newmarket cannot be barren in such things) that will teach me once more to laugh. I never received a single line from any one since I came here! Tell me if you know anything about Keller: I wrote twice to that gentleman without being favored with any answer. You will give my best respects to Mrs. Aldworth and her family; to Dr. Creagh; and don't forget my good friends, Peter and Will Connell.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. P. C.

"P.S.—I will cover this blank edge, with entreating you to write closer than you commonly do, when you sit down to answer this, and don't make me pay tence for a halfpenny-worth of white paper."

What an odd fellow a Cockney would think him: he had not seen the wonders of London ("the King, the Queen, and the lions"), and

spoke of going to see them "next summer." This was one of those gloomy times, when the soul of Curran, thrown on itself, explored the mysteries of its own constitution—calculated its own magazines—and came out frowning, fresh, and keen for his work. There is a desperate humor in a letter written to Jerry Keller, by him, a little after:—

"If you cast your eyes on the thousand gilded chariots that are dancing the hayes in an eternal round of foppery, you would think the world assembled to play the fool in London, unless you believe the report of the passing bells and hearses, which would seem to intimate that they all made a point of dying here. It is amazing, that even custom should make death a matter of so much unconcern as you will here find it. Even in the house where I lodge, there has been a being dead these two days. I did not hear a word of it till this evening, though he is divided from me only by a partition. They visit him once a day, and so lock him up till the next (for they seldom bury till the seventh day), and there he lies without the smallest attention paid to him, except a dirge each night on the Jew's harp, which I shall not omit while he continues to be my neighbor."

A grim joke this, and coming from a man with depths, and fuel in his soul.

His "life in London" was a hard one. He spent his mornings in "reading even to exhaustion." He frequently attended the Courts, and though not a constant legal student, "he made vigorous plunges into law," and mastered those elements of constitutional and equity jurisprudence, which were basis enough for

his practical studies. The mistake (now so common) was then rare, of men supposing that they can leave their minds generally ignorant, and without accomplishments or knowledge of life, provided they have read through piles of law books; mean hearts, who prefer gold to worthiness,—blockheads, without sagacity to see that plenty of skill is of more value than plenty of tools.

It was not so with Curran. Besides his legal studies, he mastered the chief English and French writers, and saw what was going on about him in every court and theatre, club and cellar in London. Inclination, probably, more than design, led him to this, and yet he was as much of a self-teacher as ever lived. His health had been bad, and his body weak. By cold baths, violent exercise, and attention to air and diet, he became robust; and this, notwithstanding those excesses in drinking which were universal at the time. His oratorical training was as severe as any Greek ever underwent.

His voice was so bad, that he was called at school “stuttering Jack Curran,” and his manner was awkward and meaningless. By watching himself—by the daily habit of declaiming Junius, Bolingbroke, and Shakespeare, before a looking-glass—and by constant attendance at debating societies, he turned his shrill and stumbling brogue into

a flexible, sustained, and divinely modulated voice; his action became free and forcible, and he acquired perfect readiness in thinking and speaking on his legs.

His first essay in a debating society was in *The Devils, of Temple-bar*. It amounted to saying, "Mr. Chairman," when he trembled, forgot, grew pale, grew red, grew hot, and sunk down in a fright. He attended the more regularly for a fortnight, and learned to say "ay" or "no" boldly and distinctly. One night he went there with Apjohn and Duhigg, after a dinner of mutton, with extra punch. A ragged, greasy blockhead, at whose anachronisms he smiled, attacked him as "Orator Mum." Curran, excited by wrath and whiskey, got up, and "dressed him better than he ever had been in his life." Loud applause, and a cold supper from the president, rewarded his vigor and confirmed it. Thenceforward he was a constant speaker at *The Devils*, *The Robin Hood*, and *The Brown Bear*. At this last he was known as "the little Jesuit of St. Omer," from wearing a brown coat outside a black, and making pro-Catholic speeches.

He used sometimes get into black melancholy about Ireland and Newmarket. Still oftener he suffered for want of money, and even thought of going to America.

During his second year in London, he

married Miss Creagh, daughter of Doctor Richard Creagh, of Newmarket, a cousin of his. With her he got a woman he loved, though she seems to have been lazy, and rather conceited. Her little fortune, and some money sent by his family, supported him till 1775, when he was called to the bar.

Curran's life has been made a long joke by the pleasant puerilities of his early biographers. Even his son's excellent book has overmuch of this vice. What avails it us to know the capital puns he made in college, or the smart epigrams he said to Macklin; or, at least, they should take a small place in large biographies, instead of the chief place in sketches. These things are the empty shells of his deep-sea mind,—idle things for triflers to classify. But for men, who, though in the ranks of life, are anxious to order their minds by the stand of some commanding spirit,—or for governing minds, who want to commune with his spirit in brotherly sympathy and instruction,—to such men, the puns are rubbish, and the jokes chaff.

Pause then, oh! reader, while, on the first day of Michaelmas Term, 1775, this John Philpot Curran,—the married man,—aged twenty-five, is putting on his wig, or bowing to the Benchers, ere he sit down a candidate for briefs. Pause, reader, and recall what this young brown lawyer had in him.

The hills of Duballow had laid lines of beauty and shades of wildness on his eye and soul; he had been shapened by the position of his family,—ennobled by the force of his mother's mind,—instructed in Irish traditions and music. Knowing these, and such lore as Boyse could teach him, he left Newmarket. This wild, fanciful, earnest boy then picked up classics, experience, and ambition at Middleton, and was ennobled by generous companions, refined by study and society, and made fiery by love and pleasure in college.

In London, amid his melancholy and wildness, he had a strong resolve to be great and good. His melancholy grew glorious then, as sun-lit clouds; and poverty sustained his ambition against depression or dissipation. He was too proud to live or shine, or love upon the toleration of mankind. He learned to labor, because he longed to enjoy. He continued to labor for labor's own great sake,—for labor is practical power. His duties were great, his passions intense, his means nothing,—save intellect. He knew that his soul was a treasury wherewith to give and to buy; a tongue, wherewith to win or persuade,—a light to illumine,—an army to conquer,—a spirit to worship and be worshipped. Nobly he prepared it in life, and passion, and hard thought, even more than

in books; and yet this man is called idle and careless. He worked hard during his apprenticeship; but now he is a master.

Thus trained, accomplished, strong, passionate, and surrounded by competitors, he came to the bar. Well may his son say, that "instead of being surprised at his eminent success, the wonder would have been if such a man had failed."

Even when he was called, he was known and prized, not as a flashy and unblushing declaimer, but as an earnest and self-relying man, able to judge character, and use knowledge.

His first brief was in a trivial Chancery motion, and The Devil's Club scene occurred over again. His imagination so mastered him, that when Lord Lifford bid him speak louder, he became silent, blushed, dropped his brief, and allowed a friend to finish the motion.

Phillips describes him as having attended the Cork assizes, and "walked the hall, term after term, without either profit or professional reputation."

At this time Curran lodged in Redmond's hill, a street between Cuffe street and Digges street. The neighborhood was one frequented by his profession. The Solicitor-General lived in Cuffe street, the Judge of the Prerogative in Bride street, and Commissioners

of Bankrupts were plenty as paving stones in Digges street, as any one taking up that historical novel, "an old almanack," can see. Mr. Phillips calls the place Hog hill (there never was such a place in Dublin)! and makes a melo-dramatic picture of dirty lodgings, a starving wife, and a dunning landlady; and then brings Curran home to find his first brief, with "twenty gold guineas, and the name of old Bob Lyons on the back of it!"

Perhaps Mr. Lyons did, on Arthur Wolfe's recommendation, send twenty guineas, and a brief, in "Ormsby *v.* Wynne, election petition," to Counsellor Curran's lodgings, and finding Curran a pleasant companion asked him to Sligo,* for Lyons was in good business, a hospitable, sharp fellow, and had his office in York street, near Curran's lodgings. But Curran made eighty-two guineas his first year, between one and two hundred the second, and increased more rapidly every year after. With this and what his wife had, he could not have been starving, though certainly he was not rich.

He rose rapidly and surely; and his reputation among his intimates was higher than with the public,—a sign of a genuine man.

* Lyons had a jolly house there on the fierce coast, amid a secluded Irish race, whom Curran mixed with, and learned from.

At last his matured genius found a great public opportunity, and used it. A cruel wrong had been done by one so high as to awe down all advocates, and corrupt the fountains of justice,—there was need of an avenger, and he came.

The Cork summer assizes of 1780 are memorable, for there this Protestant lawyer appeared as voluntary counsel for a Roman Catholic priest against a Protestant nobleman! Was there ever such audacity?

To be sure, Lord Doneraile had acted like a ruffian.

He had seduced a country girl. Shortly after, her brother broke some rule of his church, and was censured by his bishop. The paramour sought Lord Doneraile's interference in her brother's favor. It was promptly given. Accompanied by a relative of his, a Mr. St. Leger, ex-captain of dragoons, his lordship rode to the cabin in which Father Neale, the parish priest, lived. Father Neale was an aged man, and a just and holy clergyman, but a very poor one. He was kneeling in prayer, when Doneraile's voice at the door ordered him out. Book in hand, with bare and hoary head and tottering step, he obeyed, and heard at his lordship's stirrup a command to remove the censure from the convenient miscreant, whose sister Lord Doneraile favored. The priest was half a

slave; he muttered excuses, "he wished to, and but for the bishop he would remove the censure,"—but he was only half a slave: he refused to break the rules to which he had sworn. A shower of blows from his lordship's horsewhip drove the old priest stumbling and bleeding into his hovel.

And yet every lawyer on the circuit had refused to act as counsel for this priest against that lord, when John Philpot Curran volunteered to plead his cause.

Reader! think over all this, and you will get at something of the man and the country then.

He did all that mortal could do, and more than any lawyer now or then would. He grappled with the baseness of Lord Doneraile, and dragged his character out on the table. He left his instructions, and described Captain St. Leger as "a renegade soldier," and "drummed-out dragoon." He heaped every scorn on Lord Doneraile's witnesses, from their own story. He seemed to forget that he was speaking to tyrants,—he treated the jury as men; he spoke as a man,—virtuous, and believing others so. That jury, so adjured by genius, forgot penal laws, lordships, and ascendancy, remembered God and their oaths, and gave a verdict for Father Neale.

Verily those thirty guineas damages were

a conquest from the powers of darkness,—the first spoils of emancipation.

On account of this trial, Curran fought a duel with Captain St. Leger, and endured the hostility of the Doneraile family; but, in exchange, he obtained the admiration and trust of his countrymen, and a glorified conscience. If he wanted more, he received it a few weeks after, in the dying and solemn blessing of Father Neale.

He had been five years at the bar, and now he was famous with the public. But he had been recognized long before. It is proof enough of this, that he was Prior of the St. Patrick's Society* in 1779. The reader, looking at the note below, will see that the wisest,

* The Monks of the Order of St. Patrick, commonly called The Monks of the Screw, assembled at their Convent, in Saint Kevin street, Dublin, on and after September the 3rd, 1779.

Curran wrote the Charter Song, of which Phillips gives a part:—

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When Saint Patrick our order created,
And called us The Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And we swore, by the word of his Saintship,
That fountain should never run dry!

My children, be chaste, —'till you're tempted:
While sober, be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting
Whene'er you have nothing to eat.

best, and most brilliant spirits of the island were there,* and that Curran was their honored friend. From the title vulgarly given them, "Monks of the Screw," people suppose that this was a mere drinking club. Perhaps the names are answer enough. It was an union of strong souls, brought together, like electric clouds, by affinity, and flashing as they joined. They met, and shone, and warmed. They had great passions, and generous accomplishments, and they, like all that

Then be not a glass in the Convent,
 Except on a festival found;
 And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 A festival all the year round!

The Society dwindled away towards the end of the year 1785, according to Hardy. 1795, as printed in "Curran's Memoirs, by his Son," is an error, probably, of the printer.

* LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Founder—†Barry Yelverton, M.P., afterwards Lord Viscount Avonmore, Lord Chief Baron.

Abbot—†William Doyle, Master in Chancery.

Prior—†John Philpot Curran, afterwards M.P., Privy Councillor, and Master of the Rolls.

Præcentor—Rev. William Day, S.F.T.C.D.

Bursar—Edward Hudson, M.D.

Sacristan—†Robert Johnson, M.P., afterwards a Judge.

Arran, the Earl of.

*Barry, Jas., Painter, never joined.

†Brown, Arthur, M.P., and F.T.C.D.

†Burgh, Walter Hussey, Right Hon., and M.P.; afterwards Chief Baron.

†Burton, Beresford, K.C.

†Chamberlayne, W. Tankerville, M.P.; afterwards a Judge.

Carhampton, Earl of.

†Caldbeck, William, K.C.
 Charlemont, Earl of.

Corry, Right Hon. Isaac, M.P.; afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Daly, Right Hon. Denis, M.P.

†Day, Robert, M.P.; afterwards a Judge.

Doyle, John, M.P.; afterwards a General in the Army, and a Baronet.

was good in Ireland, were heaving for want of freedom. They were men of wit and pleasure, living in a luxurious state of society, and probably did wild and excessive things. This was reconcilable (*in such a state of society*) with every virtue of head and heart.

This was the sunniest period, though not the grandest, of Curran's life. He was surrounded by wise and loving friends, and he saw his country striding to independence, and growing in wealth, in knowledge, and,

†Dobbs, Robert.
 †Dunkin, James.
 †Duquery, Henry, M.P.
 †Emmet, Temple.
 †Finucane, Matthew, afterwards a Judge.
 †Fitton, Richard.
 †Forbes, John, M.P.
 †Frankland, Richard, K.C.
 †Grattan, Right Hon. Henry, M.P.
 †Hacket, Thomas.
 †Hardy, Francis, M.P. (Lord Charlemont's Biographer).
 Harstonge, Sir Henry, Baronet, and M.P.
 †Herbert, Richard, M.P.
 †Hunt, John.
 †Hussey, Dudley, M.P., and Recorder of Dublin.
 Jebb, Frederic, M.D.
 Kingsborough, Lord Viscount, M.P.
 †Mocawen, ———.
 †Martin, Richard, M.P.
 †Metge, Peter, M.P.; afterwards a Judge.
 Mornington, Earl of.

†Muloch, Thomas.
 Newenham, Sir Edward, M.P.
 Ogle, Right Hon. George, M.P.
 *O'Leary, Rev. Arthur.
 †O'Neil, Chas., K.C., M.P.
 Palliser, Rev. Dr., Chaplain.
 †Pollock, Joseph.
 †Ponsonby, Right Hon. Geo., M.P.; afterwards Chancellor of Ireland.
 †Preston, William.
 Ross, Lieut.-Colonel, M.P.
 †Sheridan, Charles Francis, M.P., Secretary at War.
 †Smith, Sir Michael, Baronet, M.P.; afterwards Master of the Rolls.
 †Stawell, William.
 Stack, Rev. Richard, F.T.C.D.
 Townshend, Marquess of.— (Elected, professed, and joined on his visit to Dublin, after his Viceroyalty.)
 †Wolfe, Arthur, M.P.; afterwards Lord Viscount Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

[Thus marked (*) were Honorary Members; thus marked (†) were Barristers.]

better than all, in internal union. He was not an idle, though he was not a distinguished party during these events. He stood in the ranks of the Volunteers, armed as free men should ever be, to gain or guard their rights. His censure was dreaded by every corrupt judge and savage lawyer, and his counsel sought by Avonmore, Flood, and Grattan. At a special election in 1783, he entered the House of Commons. He sat for Kilbeggan, a borough belonging to Mr. Longfield, but he sat uncompromised; he sat as Henry Flood's colleague; he was returned under the guardian guns of the Volunteers, to enforce legislative independence. At the general election, in the spring of 1790, he came in for Rathcormac, and sat for it till the mad secession in 1797.

His parliamentary speeches reported are few and short. The first mentioned is on Flood's Reform Bill, in November, 1783. The next is introductory of a resolution, declaring the exclusive right of the Commons to originate Money Bills,—an important resolution, not likely to be trusted to a bad debater. The report of it seems like a newspaper sketch; still we see in it a sound historical argument. His appeal to the House to guard a right which was the palladium of liberty to a virtuous, and of corruption to a vicious Commons, was bold and original.

His speech in the House, on the 24th of February, 1785, on the debate on the Abuse of Attachments by the King's Bench, led to a duel with Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General.

Fitzgibbon had once been an intimate of Curran's, whose first brief-bag was a gift from John Fitzgibbon, "for good luck." But they were unlike: as the strong hard granite and the soft flashing wave. Fitzgibbon having, though a plebeian, taken the government side, gave it all the support that masculine talents, clear rhetoric, personal courage, and utter want of conscience enabled. Curran, the enthusiastic, the pure, the Irish, went with the people for liberty. They were not friends in 1785; and Fitzgibbon, it is said, had brought the Duchess of Rutland to hear him chastise the member for Kilbeggan. The fiery Cork man heard this, and would not wait for him. Fitzgibbon had fallen asleep, and Curran, on rising, attacked him as a "guilty spirit." Fitzgibbon answered with "puny babbler," and Curran retorted in an invective, feebly resembling part of Grattan's against Flood. They exchanged shots, when Fitzgibbon did his best to bring Curran down, but failed, and they were deadly foes ever after, unless death has made them "intimates" again.

The first of Curran's speeches, displaying

any remarkable ability, is a short one made on Orde's Commercial Propositions.

That on Catholic Emancipation is, perhaps, the only one worthy of his reputation. In it, is the prophetic denunciation of an union with England as involving the "emigration of every man of consequence;" as "the participation of British taxes without British trade, and the extinction of the Irish name as a people." These sentiments he ever spoke and acted up to, and bore to his grave.

He used to account for the inferiority of these to his bar speeches, by saying they were made after the fatigue of court, and were badly reported, as he neglected them, and the reporters were government tools. But Curran was surely less qualified for Parliament than for the Bar. His education was forensic, not senatorial. The court did not require as "the House" did, a minute investigation of the state and history of the country, a mastery of economic details, a power of foreseeing and organizing great political movements. His oratory, too, became too personal, both in reproof and exhortation, to be relished. He must have felt this, and neglected parliament.

The great bar speeches reported, begin with that for Alderman Howison, in 1790. Curran appeared before the Privy Council

to sustain Howison's petition to be recognized as Lord Mayor, instead of Alderman James. This speech is less graceful even in its humor, but far more lawyer-like in its arguments, than any other of his we possess. It is chiefly remarkable for the manner in which he bombarded Lord Clare from an old and irrelevant precedent. Before Clare's face, ay, at the council board, he described him as a vain and petulant tyrant, and so ingeniously did he do so, that, though his object was palpable, Clare was obliged, after several struggles, to shut his teeth and endure the lash with as little writhing as possible.

But now we come to the state trial speeches. With some exceptions, they constitute the whole of his reported bar speeches, from thenceforth, and they constitute his *public* life. They were all made in cases arising out of the United Irish Conspiracy; and the history of that conspiracy is the history of the time. It is fully given in Dr. Madden, sufficiently stated in the general histories, and is, we trust, familiar to our readers. Yet we may briefly describe it.

When it was established in 1791, there were two agitations going on in Ireland; one was by the Protestants, the other by the Catholics. Gradually, by the writings and acts of Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas, the

Protestants of Ireland had come to distrust and quarrel with England. She looked on them as jailers and bailiffs, and they were content, but sought freedom and riches too,—impossible union! The Catholic serf became contemptible, and the Catholic merchant rich and convenient. Curry, Wise, and O'Connor had sustained their spirits. They sought for redress by the meanest supplications,—they were refused and persecuted. They sought again in 1776. America had declared her independence, and they got the first emancipation act, allowing them to take leases of land. England grew more distressed when France joined her arms to America's. Ireland was left ungarrisoned, and the Volunteers—the armed Protestantism of Ireland—arose. Free Trade followed the first click of their muskets; and Legislative Independence was yielded to their increased numbers, arms, discipline, and ferocity.

Thenceforward they got nothing more; for Charlemont was a weak and bigoted man. He was opposed to Catholic Emancipation, which Belfast demanded in 1782, and he broke up the Convention for Parliamentary Reform in 1783. Grattan, too, because of his insane trust in Charlemont, and his absurd quarrel with Flood, remained out of politics till 1785; and, notwithstanding the splendid abilities

he and Flood united on the Tithe Question, Orde's Propositions, Emancipation, Reform, and the Regency, there was a steady decline of the Volunteer organization, and of the strength of the liberal party to 1790. We have Tone's word that, when the French Revolution broke out, both Catholic Committee and Whig Club*—the Emancipation and Reform parties—were feeble and dispirited.

A different race of men from Whig Club orators or Catholic Lords now began to act on the public.

In Dublin, John Keogh, the strong, rough-souled, sagacious merchant, and men of his stamp, sent the Catholic nobles flying in a slavish dread. And in Belfast, Neilson, Russell, M'Cracken, and others headed a Protestant party, which advocated Reform, but began soon to think of Republicanism. The government, rendered fearful by the Regency dispute, and desperate by the French Revolution, began to push corruption and the principles of disunion harder than ever.

Amongst the great men of the time, there was one greatest,—Theobald Wolfe Tone.

* The Whig Club was founded in Dublin in the summer of 1789, by Lord Charlemont. (See Hardy's Life of him, vol. II., pp. 195 to 219.) The Northern Whig Club was founded by the same person in Belfast, in March, 1790 (History of Belfast, p. 334), to carry off and check the democratic feelings, says Mr. Hardy. It were well if some one would cut the few useful facts out of Hardy, and throw the rest into the fire.

The son of a man half farmer, half coach-maker, a poor and briefless lawyer, with a wife and a pack of children,—he resolved to redress the wrongs of the Catholics, restore representation in the Commons, and with these, or failing in them, to make his country an independent Republic. He did not publish his design. A few years before he had rashly hinted it in a pamphlet, which no one remembered. Now he wrote a pamphlet in favor of Catholic Emancipation, called "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, by a Northern Whig;" and received every mark of gratitude from his new clients.

In October, 1791, in Belfast, he founded the first United Irish Society. There is a passage in the first volume of Tone's Memoirs (pp. 48-9), so remarkable that it deserves insertion here:—

"The Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened Republicans. They had ever been foremost in the pursuit of parliamentary reform; and I have already mentioned the early wisdom and virtue of the town of Belfast in proposing the Emancipation of the Catholics, so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged, from the time of the dispersion of the ever-memorable Volunteer Convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise

their heads from the abyss, and to look the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance their true object, and the only means to obtain it; conscious that the force of the existing government was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and long convinced in their own minds that to be free it was necessary to be just, they cast their eyes once more on the long-neglected Catholics; and profiting by past errors, for which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people.

“The Catholics, on their part, were rapidly advancing in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force; and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear on the political theatre of their country.”

The Belfast Society met publicly, as did all the United Irish Societies, until 1794, and its name told its object. They sought to unite Catholic and Protestant, and by this union of numbers and intelligence, to obtain perfect Emancipation for the Catholics, and popular Representation for the men of both creeds. They exceeded the Catholics in the boldness of their emancipation scheme; but their doctrines on representation, though inspired by the French Revolution, coincided with those of Fox and the English Whigs. These were the expressed and real opinions of the societies.

Tone, and others of the leading men, wished for an independent Republic, and doubtless framed its structure; and military organization was readily established. Had Government adopted just measures, these honest and sagacious Republicans would still have maintained a hard struggle, but would, for a time, at least, have been overruled by the Whigs, and outvoted in the societies.

The confederation extended to Dublin, received the support of the leading citizens, and of many of the Volunteer Corps. Its chief organ was the "*Northern Star*." The first number of this paper was printed on the 4th of January, 1792. The manager was Samuel Neilson, and it occupied itself chiefly with French politics. The "*Evening Star*" appeared in Dublin soon after,—but the "*Press*" did not commence till the 28th September, 1797.

In March, 1792, the Catholic Committee, or rather Convention (for it was a body of delegates) met, and Tone was named its secretary. The agitation by means of these societies became most vigorous. The stirring progress of the French Revolution, and the organization of the political societies in England and Scotland aided them. The United Irishmen increased in numbers, the Catholics in confidence, and the Volunteer Corps began to restore their array, and improve their

discipline. The ministry grew alarmed; or, in Tone's words:—

“The solid strength of the people was their union. In December the Catholics had thundered out their demands, — the imperious, because unanimous, requisition of 3,000,000 of men; they were supported by all the spirit and intelligence of the Dissenters. Dumourier was in Brabant, — Holland was prostrate before him. Even London, to the impetuous ardor of the French, did not appear at an immeasurable distance. The stocks were trembling; war seemed inevitable; the minister was embarrassed; and, under these circumstances, it was idle to think that he would risk the domestic peace of Ireland to maintain a system of monopoly utterly useless to his views.”

The Relief Bill was passed in April, 1793, admitting Catholics to the franchise, the bar, the university, and to all the rights of property; but excluding them from parliament, from State Offices, and from all, indeed, the Bill of 1829 conceded. It was a victory that encouraged, not a conquest that satisfied them. *They* continued their exertions for complete emancipation, and the United Irishmen grew more vehement and strong.

Meantime, another contest had ripened. In December, 1792, a proclamation was issued against seditious associations. The United Irish Society rightly supposed it to be directed against the Volunteers, and they answered it in a publication which we must return to. A Volunteer Convention, said to represent 1,250,000 people, met at Dungannon on the

15th of February, 1793, passed resolutions in favor of Emancipation and Reform, and named a permanent committee.

This, doubtless, assisted the carrying of the Relief Bill; but it made the ministry resolve to crush the Protestants, while it conciliated the Catholics. The reply of the United Irishmen to its proclamation was prosecuted; another proclamation, forbidding military societies, drilling, and the whole machinery of the Volunteers, without naming them, was issued on the 11th March, and the same Parliament which passed the Relief Bill, passed the Alien Act,—the Militia, Foreign Correspondence, Gunpowder, and Convention Acts,—in fact, a full code of coercion.

Now the struggle became serious. Many, perhaps a majority, of the United Irishmen turned their thoughts to force; and as Keogh and the leading Catholics were United, such a tendency was more formidable than even the anger of the Volunteers had been.

We have probably said enough to enable the reader, though otherwise ignorant of the history of the time, to understand the state of affairs when Curran's speeches for the United Irishmen commenced. The first of these speeches was delivered at the bar of the King's Bench, on the 29th January, 1794, for Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

We have stated that the United Irish Society had answered the government proclamation against seditious meetings. That answer was written by Dr. Drennan, and was a most brilliant and frantic document. Had the people been ready for it, nothing could have been better, otherwise it was most mischievous. Rowan—the chairman when the address was voted—was prosecuted for this as a libel, as also was Drennan. Drennan was acquitted on a point of form. We possess only one fragment of Curran's defence of him; but the speech for Rowan was amply and well reported. It bears every mark of labor; and yet, if we were to trust the back of Curran's brief on the occasion, never was a speech more completely improvised. "Liberty of the Press," "Universal Emancipation," and half a dozen sentences besides, are written carelessly along it. They may, however, have been only marks to recall a prepared oration. The opening of the speech is too exactly like Cicero's exordium in Milo's case not to have been an imitation; and the ever memorable passage on Universal Emancipation cannot claim originality of thought, though it is certainly unrivalled in rhetorical finish. But his vindication of the Volunteers, and the liberty of the press, are all his own, and unapproached by anything in Cicero or Erskine.

Rowan was convicted, and heavily sentenced, but he escaped to France.*

The agitation continued. The United Irish Society was changed into a secret and secretly organized body, and it made much progress. The Catholics still labored; France had conquered; and her government, aroused by the *Sans-Cullottes* resolutions of Belfast, and by the suggestions of some Irish patriots, bethought herself of assisting the discontented Irish to effect a separation. Accordingly, the Rev. William Jackson was sent there as an agent, and put himself in communication with Tone. But he was betrayed by one Cockayne, arrested, and arraigned for treason. Curran was his leading counsel, but he needed none. He died in the dock, of arsenic he had taken the night before.

Another glimmer of conciliation broke in. Lord Fitzwilliam came here early in 1795, with, 'twas said, a *carte blanche* to carry Emancipation and Reform, and expel the undertakers and ascendancy party from office. Curran was to have been Solicitor-General. Had this policy been carried out, we would have been saved the horrors of 1798, and the conquest of 1800. Perchance the United Irish party would have continued

* Drummond's Life of Rowan is not a useless nor disagreeable book; but that is all to be said of it.

their labors, and a war would have followed; but it would have been a national, not a civil war, and its results would have been separation, not provincialism. Lord Fitzwilliam was not rapid enough; he allowed the Beresfords to rally their friends, and when he came to dismiss one of them, whom he could not retain consistently with his policy, he was met by a Court opposition, having the bigot and lunatic King at its head. Beresford was kept in,—Fitzwilliam recalled,—Emancipation and Reform spurned, and coercion resumed.

This was a triumph for the separation party. An Irish Republic now became the only object of the United Irish; and such being the case, the bulk of the Presbyterians of Down, Antrim, and Tyrone joined, as did multitudes of Protestants and Catholics in Leinster. At this time the Catholics of the North were Defenders or Ribbonmen. Both sides made ready for the worst. "The Union" was turned into a military confederation. An Insurrection Act passed, making it death for any one to take an oath of association; another allowing the Lord Lieutenant to proclaim counties, in which case no one could go out at night; and magistrates obtained the power of breaking into houses, and transporting to the navy all persons whom they suspected. Other acts, granting indemnity for magistrates guilty of

any illegality,—giving the Lord Lieutenant the power of arrest without bail,—licensing the introduction of foreign troops, and establishing the Yeomanry Corps, followed in quick succession.

Government were in possession of information from 1786 out; but they thought it more politic to wait until they could ruin every one likely to join. But they were near over-leaping. Tone had gone to America after Jackson's arrest, and thence he went to France. With only a few guineas, a few introductions, and but little French, so transcendent were his abilities and zeal, that he brought a noble French fleet, and sixteen thousand veterans, with Hoche at their head, out of Brest, in 1796. Had Hoche's frigate Christmassed, as Tone's ship did, in Bantry Bay, in 1796, the United Directory would have been the Irish Ministry in a month after. Again, in 1797, the Militia offered to seize Dublin, and were forbidden. Long delay and long coercion disarmed and disunited the people, and the insurrection of the 23rd May, 1798, was partial and ineffective.

During all this time Curran was engaged for the United Irish prisoners in every great case. The first regularly reported speech is that made in defence of Finnerty, on the 22nd of December, 1797.

The facts were these:—

In September, 1796, William Orr, a Presbyterian farmer, was arrested, with many others, as a United Irishman, but was not tried till the 16th September, 1797. One of the witnesses against him was afterwards proved to have perjured himself; and some of the jurymen, wearied by long disagreement, had got drunk in their room, and in this state brought in the verdict of "Guilty." Affidavits of the fact of drunkenness were made by three jurors next day, upon which Curran vainly moved an arrest of judgment. All the facts were laid before government; yet, after two or three cruel respites, Orr was hanged at Carrickfergus, on the 14th October. He was a fine, handsome, gallant man,—died true to his character and his country; and over his grave William Drennan uttered a lament of the most fiery beauty. No wonder he was looked on as a martyr. His name appeared on medals and flags, and in every patriot song; and, even in 1798, John Sheares could find no more forcible way of ending his stern proclamation than by the words, "Remember Orr." A letter was published in the *Press*—the noble organ of the Union—addressed to Lord Camden, and narrating Orr's fate with much pathos and invective. The letter was signed "MARCUS," and was written by a Mr. Deane Swift.

Finnerty, the printer of the *Press*, was indicted for this as a libel.

Curran defended him in a speech, which he himself preferred to any of his other speeches. He only got his brief a "few minutes before the cause commenced;" yet he never made an abler, nor did any other advocate ever make so able, a speech.

His account of the duties of the public writer deserves to be the very Bible of the press, it so heroically directs and so wisely justifies them; and his narrative of Orr's fate goes on so tenderly, so gently, so grandly, that one hardly knows whether to admire its sagacity, pause upon its lavish beauties, or weep over its sorrows. It is the lament of an angel.

"1798" came,—that type of terror; and yet Curran's first effort in that year was crowned with success; and smiles, and pleasant greetings, and the thunders of the people, followed the advocate home. Finney, and fifteen others, were indicted for High Treason. The chief witness was one James O'Brien, a man who, by his own confession, had taken the United Oath, and had been guilty of many less equivocal crimes. Curran's cross-examination of him was equalled only by his after address to the jury. He tore O'Brien to pieces on the table; he put him together again, an image of the foulest

treachery, of the fiercest love of blood, and of the most loathsome perjury. The jury refused to convict on the oath of this coiner and stabber, who came there to assassinate men with the word of God, and they acquitted the prisoners. O'Brien was still dear to the Castle, and continued in its pay; but about two years after, he committed a murder so indiscreetly, that he could not be any longer shielded. He was tried; and though Curran, who prosecuted, made a very temperate speech, he was found guilty and hanged.

Alas! Curran prevailed no more. The Government would not go back, nor the people either. The Yeomanry consisted of the Tory gentry and their dependants. They were undisciplined and unprincipled; and not being checked by the people, who waited for command, they soon became a legal banditti, who brought local knowledge and old feelings to aid their crimes. No villany but was perpetrated by them. The house of whomsoever any of them disliked or suspected was surrounded at night:—If he were not at home it was burned; if found, he might consider himself lucky in being sent to serve in the navy, after being whipped or pitch-capped instead of being half-hanged, or whole-hanged, as the leisure or facilities of the officer allowed.

Still, still, still the Directory waited for foreign aid!—and waited in vain. One victory would have brought them more arms and officers from abroad or at home than any negotiation.

The Directory consisted of Thomas Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, Oliver Bond, Doctor MacNevin, and Richard M'Cormick. Lord Edward was named Commander-in-Chief; and at length, in March, 1798, a rising was determined on, chiefly at the wish of Lord Edward, for Thomas Emmet wished to wait till the arrival of French troops, or, at least, of French officers.*

We must refer the reader to Doctor Madden's comprehensive work for the minutiae of the events that followed. Suffice it here, that, on the 12th of March, fourteen United Delegates met at Oliver Bond's house, 13 Bridge street, Dublin, and were arrested there on the information of Reynolds, the accursed. Many other arrests, chiefly of Northerners, had taken place previously. Emmet, McNevin, and other chiefs, were taken on the same day as those who attended the meeting at Bond's, and on the information of the same man, "whose name," says Doctor Madden, "sounds like a calamity." Other arrests followed:—On the 18th

* Madden's Memoir of Emmet.

of May, Lord Edward was arrested; on the 21st, the Sheareses were taken; and on the 23rd was the rising.

We would not willingly follow the crash and waste of that explosion; we would much rather follow the armed man striking in the open field for liberty, whether he won or lost. But this is not for us. Let us come to the dungeon, and survey the court; the public scaffold needs no painter.

An insurrection, which had not at its head one able tactician, and few men acquainted with the elements of war, or even the topography and statistics of the country, could hardly succeed. And yet it had almost conquered. Within twelve days from the first rising, the people of Wexford had cleared their county, with the exception of Ross and Duncannon, two places unfit to resist a skilful attack. Similar successes attended the Kildare insurrection. This was all that mere valor could do.

The leaders were brave, especially the few priests who fought. But all were ignorant to the last degree. No organization,—no commissariat,—no unity of action,—no foreign aid,—were attempted. To such men, victory brought drunkenness, waste, disputes, and want. Defeat could hardly bring worse.

Antrim and Down did not rise for a fortnight; and there, after similar blunders, and

a short struggle, the Presbyterians were crushed.

The Wexford men protracted the war, partly from a vague hope of foreign assistance, but still more from despair, for they could not trust the faith of their persecutors; and not a few of these heroic men died on the plains of Meath, in an effort to force their way into Ulster.

It is said that fifty thousand insurgents and twenty thousand of the English party were slain. The amount seems exaggerated, as the details certainly were.

The soldier having done his own work, and that of the assassin and brigand, too, the civilian began to labor. The General's sword yielded to the bowstring of the Attorney-General. Courts-martial hanged those taken in battle; and now courts civil slaughtered the prisoners. Most unaccountably, the insurgents did not retaliate; if they had a right to rise, they were entitled to the rights of war, and were weak, wicked, and impolitic in neglecting to enforce them. An insurgent chief should have shot the peasants who lifted their hands against property or person without order; but he was equally bound to guard them against any but a soldier's hazards, by retaliating every execution, coolly, judicially, and uniformly.

But none of the older leaders of the United

Irish were touched till after the insurrection was defeated. Then, in July, 1798, might you have seen the prison hovered round by anxious and mourning relatives, whom the guards of power repelled. Then might you have seen the crimson-clad judge,—and the packed jury,—and the ferocious prosecutor,—and the military gangs from the Castle crush around the dock wherein were the fearless and the true, and threaten, with voice and gesture, that little dark man who defended the prisoners. He scowled back upon their threats. “You may assassinate me,” said he, when their bayonets were levelled at his breast, “but you shall not intimidate me!” They could better have hoped to drive the stars from heaven by their violence, than force John Curran by threats to surrender one hair of his client’s head.

They were not mere clients for whom he pleaded, to win fees and reputation. They were dear friends, for whose safety he would have coined his blood; they were brother patriots who had striven, by means which he thought desperate, or unsuited to him, to free their country. He was no hireling or adventurer. He came inspired by love, mercy, justice, and genius,—and commissioned by heaven to walk on the waters with these patriots, and lend them his hand when they were sinking. He pleaded for some who,

nevertheless, were slaughtered; but was his pleading vain, therefore? Did he not convert many a shaken conscience, — sustain many a frightened soul? Did he not keep the life of genius, if not of hope, in the country? Did he not help to terrify the government into that compromise they so ill kept? Surely, he did all this at the time; and his speeches now and forever will remain less as models of eloquence than as examples of patriotism and undying exhortations to justice and liberty.

The first trial after the insurrection was that of Henry and John Sheares. They were two Cork gentlemen, barristers by profession, both men of liberal education, but of very unequal characters. Henry, the eldest, was mild, changeful, and weak; John was fiery and firm, and of much greater abilities. They had worked the United System in places having little connexion with the Executive Directory; but when some members of that Directory were seized on the 12th of March, the Sheareses stepped into the dangerous posts, and shared the same fate in ten days after.

On their arrest, a rough draft of a proclamation, written by John Sheares, was found in the writing-desk of Henry, who knew nothing of it. It was paraded in the front of the attack, and Captain Armstrong was the main force of the prosecution.

This frightful wretch had sought the acquaintance of the Sheareses,—made it,—encouraged their projects,—assisted them with military hints,—professed tender love for them,—mixed with their family,—and used to dandle Henry Sheares's children. We hear the technical monster denies this little fact, though he admits all the rest.

He shared their hospitality,—urged on their schemes,—came to condole with them in prison,—and then assassinated them with his oath.

They were first arraigned on the 4th of July, at the Green-street Commission; but legal difficulties occurred, and legal arguments, and it was the 12th of July when they were tried. The case for the Crown closed at midnight. Curran applied for time; he had been racked by the contests and horrid excitement of a day in which he had to resist the royal blood-hounds, to cross-examine a demon, and gaze on the Sheareses,—the one trembling for his brother, the other for himself. The delay was refused, and Curran opened his address with an earnest solemnity, which makes this part of this speech the most moving he ever uttered. But we cannot pause to criticise. He closed at daylight. That bright summer sun danced into the black court while Carleton sentenced these strong men to die, and long ere he set

on the morrow they were swinging, without life, on the gallows.

On the 17th of July, M'Cann was tried, defended by Curran, condemned, and executed. Byrne shared the same fate in a few days after; but Curran's speeches in their defence were suppressed by Government.

On the 23rd of July, Oliver Bond was tried and convicted. Curran's speech for him is preserved. The chief topic in it was the character and testimony of Reynolds; a man with more crimes than Armstrong, but not of so deep a dye. He appears to have been a poisoner and robber, but he was a man of family—a gentleman—and the government took care to make him a rich man. Six thousand pounds and a consulship rewarded his virtues, but could not increase his dignity.

Bond died of apoplexy or assassination; and shortly after, a compromise was made, whereby the government agreed to banish the rest of the prisoners upon getting *general* information as to the Union. They got the information, and then sent the prisoners to Fort George,—prisoners still.

Curran, during this period, lived at The Priory, near Dundrum, and used to drive into town in a gig. He was in daily expectation of being shot. The trials ceased, and he went to England, but all was not over.

Humbert landed at Killala ; the victory of Castlebar and the defeat at Collooney concluded the war, and caused a renewal of the military and civil massacres. Bartholomew Teeling, Humbert's aide-de-camp, surrendered with the French, and Tone was taken prisoner on board a French ship.

Tone passed as a Frenchman, till Sir George Hill, an old companion, ran him down. He was tried by a court-martial in barracks ; his defence is unrivalled for plain wise eloquence. His last request—a soldier's death—was refused. He was sentenced to be hanged, but he or the Government anticipated the executioner. His throat was cut in prison. The wound, though mortal, did not produce immediate death, and in that state they were going to hang him, when Curran came into court and obtained a habeas corpus. It was too late. Tone perished in a few days.

This was Curran's last struggle in 1798. But his griefs had not ended.

The Government, with arms victorious over the insurgents, advanced against the liberties of the people ; a vanguard of villains, armed with gold and titles preceded them ; terror was in their march, and falsehood pioneered their way. The Union was carried.

There were three other cases connected with the insurrection, in which Curran appeared to save or avenge. The first was his

plea at the bar of the House of Commons for the widow and orphans of Lord Edward. The Government, malcontent that death should have secured the rebel's retreat, struck at those he left behind. They attainted him as a traitor, for Curran pleaded without effect, and they seized the fortunes of those dearest to him. Did they hope to disturb his shade by cruelty to those he loved? Curran spoke rather as a judge than a counsel. "Sir," said he to the speaker, "I have no defensive evidence! I have no case! it is impossible I should: I have often of late gone to the dungeon of the captive, but never have I gone to the grave of the dead, to receive instructions for his defence, nor in truth have I ever before been at the trial of a dead man! I offer, therefore, no evidence upon this inquiry: against the perilous example of which I do protest on behalf of the public, and against the cruelty and injustice of which I do protest in the name of the dead father, whose memory is sought to be dishonored; and of his infant orphans, whose bread is sought to be taken away." How gloriously he pleaded! With what potent scorn he flung aside the foulness of Reynolds. How profoundly, how nobly, he disproved the policy of penal laws, and the prudence of cruelty! What imagery and wisdom united, as he described both law and victim,—each

growing fiercer in the conflict, till the penalty could go no further, and the fugitive turned on his breathless pursuer. Does that man live who does not envy the Geraldines that beautifully true description of their blood, "nobler than the royalty which first ennobled it, that, like a rich stream, rose till it ran and hid its fountain?" Justice, humanity, and eloquence spoke idly to this red-handed government. They legislated Fitzgerald into a traitor, and then stooped to the mean barbarity of stripping his infant's cradle.

An act, called an act of most gracious pardon, passed in October, 1798, but it excepted every class of insurgents above the lowest, and by name attainted a crowd of leaders. Napper Tandy, the old commander of the Dublin Volunteer Artillery was one of them. He was on the Continent, and after a fruitless effort to join Humbert, returned there and resided at Hamburgh. *Fifteen* days before he was bound to surrender, he was seized there, cast, ironed, into prison, and thence brought to Ireland. Curran chiefly relied on this technicality, that his time for surrendering had not expired when he was seized. Nominally on this ground, Tandy was acquitted; but he owed his escape to an advocate more eloquent than Curran. Tandy held a French commission, and had been seized on

a neutral state, contrary to the law of nations, and Napoleon said, if Tandy were hanged, he would hang two English officers for him, and so, "like case like rule," as the Chief Justice says. The reasoning was simple and conclusive, and Tandy was released. Would to God it had been used in time to save poor Tone!

The case of Hevey *v.* Major Sirr, which was tried in 1802, was one of those petty reactions against the insolence of petty tyrants wherewith vanquished men console themselves. Sir had imprisoned and tortured hundreds,—one too many. Hevey brought an action against him, and Curran stated Hevey's case with a galvanic energy purging out all the resources of persuasion, wit, and deepest pathos, till the jury were captivated into giving a verdict against the Castle minion. Doubtless, with all this, the Government could have defeated Hevey. They could have packed the jury to the right level. The desire to appear legal to England, or the fear of returning energy in Ireland, or some dim notion that Napoleon was beginning to see that there was waiting for him an ally more useful than Italy or Germany could give, or all combined, induced them to tolerate this one act of retribution. Their indemnity laws prevented the example from being inconvenient.

Still there was a storm mustering abroad, and a convulsion preparing at home. .

Thomas Addis Emmet was released in 1802, and went on the Continent. He and his younger brother, Robert, met at Amsterdam. Both adhered to their principles. Robert returned home, and communicated with several men of influence in Ireland. He obtained plenty of promises. All parties longed for redress,—and perhaps for vengeance. The people were willing to sacrifice everything for these objects, yet were depressed so much that it would have required the efforts of many leaders, or of many well-used years to restore their confidence. The upper ranks of the United were even more dispirited than the lower.

It was neither customary nor safe for any man then, nor through many a year after, to profess liberal or manly principles. The most vile and slavish doctrines echoed in Court, Church, 'Change, and drawing-room. Agitation was as desperate as insurrection, and more dangerous.

Emmet had been absent. He thought the country ready; he only remembered the spirit of 1797. "If I get ten counties to rise," said he to Keogh, who still continued his safe counsel with the discontented, "ought I go on?" "You ought," said Keogh, "if you get five, and you will succeed."

Robert went on, but every bank broke under his feet. And though he was ardent and rapid as the mountain deer, he fell at last an easy prey. Napoleon was too busy, and money was scarce, and merchants cautious, Presbyterians irritated by the lies about Wexford massacres, and Catholics indignant at the supposed desertion of the North. Russel was seized after failing to raise the North; he lies headless in Downpatrick. Emmet, too, failed and suffered.

Curran defended Kirwan, one of the insurgents, and in his speech spoke of the French alliance in most eloquent anger, and of the insurrection in the bitterest scorn.

We are not going to condemn Curran for what he did in 1803. He had gone to France in 1802, and was disgusted with its military government, and he meant, doubtless, to serve the people by warning them against trusting to strangers for redress. He was politically indignant at an explosion which wanted the dignity of even partial success, and yet had done vast injury to the country. Lord Kilwarden's death had irritated him, for he was his old friend; and last of all, his own personal feelings had been severely tried by it.

Robert had won Sarah Curran's heart, and some of his letters were found in Curran's house. The rash chieftain had breathed out

his whole soul to his love. Curran had to undergo the inquiries of the Privy Council, and accept the generosity of the Attorney-General.

What was still worse than any selfish suffering, he saw his daughter smitten, as with an edged-sword, by the fate of her betrothed.

He refused to act for Robert, and he did well; but his refusal to see him was framed, we think, too harshly.

As Emmet himself said, "a man with the coldness of death on him need not be made to feel any other coldness."

That cold hand soon seized him,—the tender, the young, the beautiful, the brave. Greater men died in the same struggle, but none so warmly loved, nor so passionately lamented.

It may be asked, was Curran really no party to the United system? We have head men rashly say that they *knew* that he and Grattan were United. But on being pressed, their proofs vanished. The only direct evidence we ever met was the fact, that in 1797, during some row or gathering in College Green, Curran, muffled in his cloak, walked up to a gentleman, whose connexion with the Union was undoubted, and leaning up to his face, said, "When will it be?" Yet, surely this proves nothing but his anxiety on the subject. Doubtless he, and many who like him

took no part in the conspiracy, would not condemn its objects, though they might condemn or distrust the means used. Had it at all succeeded, we are sure the revolution would have received his enthusiastic support.*

And now the insurrections were over.

The prison had grown into a hopeless home, the exile had despaired, the widow and orphan were allowed to mourn without suspicion, the country rested in exhaustion and infamy, — the dead rested better in their bloody graves. The gallant Fitzgerald, the romantic Emmet, and the matchless Tone were gone where there are no tears, nor tyrants, nor slaves. The ferocious Clare, too, had gone to his account. The visions of the one, and the crimes of the other had passed away. What wonder if Ireland lay down in despair, and said, "there is no hope for me." What wonder if Curran, the beloved and doting son of Ireland, should sink and sorrow too. The mere might of intellect, the absolute trust placed in him, and the old habit of exertion bore him along for some years, but his goal had sunk, — there was nought before him, his mission was done. Yet his speeches afterwards were very great. His

* It is stated by the younger Tone, that so early as 1794, Curran expressed his anxiety for a *separation* from England, but that he was not United. — *Tone's Memoirs*.

speech in Judge Johnson's case is a model of constitutional argument and persuasive advocacy. His decision in *Merry v. Power*, is full of impassioned justice; and that at the Newry election has a mockery of hope in it. But what of these things? John Curran, who came to the corrupt judge and hesitating jury, and awed them down before the spirits of liberty, heroism, and righteousness, which he invoked, — John Curran, the avenger of the martyred, the divine man, who so often walked through the fiery furnace with those who trusted him, — what had he to do in a country which ceased to hope, and ceased to strive, and was making its bed in the dungeon for a forty and odd years' sojourn?

We have no heart to scrutinize the trivial public events with which he was afterwards connected. These operas, after a solemn tragedy, do not suit honest men; better for them to go home and weep. But on the private life of Curran, we have something to say.

Let us now leave, therefore, the gowned monarch of the former, and go home with John Curran.

Of Curran's private life, during its morning and noon, little is before the public; yet some who could describe it must still be living.

About 1779, he took a glen near Newmarket,

and built a cottage in it, which he called the Priory, from his rank as Prior of the Monks of St. Patrick. He used to spend his autumns here, after the Cork assizes, and his genius and pleasantry made his hospitality be well tried. Lord Avonmore, his friend, was a native of the town. His society, and that of the Creaghs and Kellers, would have been enough for a less enjoying and more fastidious man than Curran was. Of this place he had only a terminable lease, and in latter life he seldom visited Newmarket.

He was a great changer of his town residence. From Redmond's Hill he went to Fade street; thence, in 1780 or 1781, to 12 Ely Place, afterwards called No 4. In 1807, he took a house in Harcourt street; and finally took the house No. 80, Stephen's Green, South, in which Judge Burton now resides.*

From 1790, however, his town house was a mere place of business. In that year he took a place called Holly Park, in the county of Dublin, and soon after changed its name to the Priory. The Priory contains about thirty-five acres, and lies on the road to

* Judge Burton was, we have heard, a clerk to an English Solicitor. Being in Ireland about some suit, he became professionally known to Curran, who induced him to stop here. Curran, it is said, gave Mr. Burton £500 a year to note his briefs, during his (Mr. B.'s) legal noviciate. It is needless to add, that Mr. Burton's profound knowledge and untouched honor justified Curran's predilection for him.

White Church, about a mile beyond Rathfarnham, on the side of a moderately large hill, facing Dublin. From it, there is a beauteous view of the city, with the plains of Fingal on one side, and its bay and varied shores on the other. The house is a comfortable, plain building, with a warm shrubbery, a garden, and a few fields about it. At the opposite side of the road is Marlay, the residence of the Latouches, and the country all round consists of wooded demesnes.

The place suited him perfectly. His habits there were simple and uniform. He went to bed about one, and rose at seven o'clock, and spent a couple of hours dressing and lounging about. Immediately after breakfast he used generally to ride or drive in his gig to Dublin. During term time, when he was a practising lawyer or a judge, this was of course necessary, as a matter of business; and, after he left the bench, he continued to go in to hear news, and see his old friends,—hanging, as it would seem, on men's hearts, and hoping, like a lover, for some good tidings still.

Punctually at five o'clock he came up the avenue, often with his watch in hand; for though irregular in other things, he was childishly exact in his dinner-hour, and would not have waited for Washington.

When he did not go into town he was fond

of walking with a friend among the shaded roads about Rathfarnham and Dundrum; or oftener still he spent his hours in sauntering or strolling all alone through the garden and shrubbery of his little place. In one of these fields he had buried his little daughter Gertrude,* and upon her dear grave he used often lie down and weep, and wish to be with her. She had died in 1792, when his hopes were high, and his home untainted.

Of late years he grew close. He had been a man more irregular than lavish in money matters. Strange to say, he, the first lawyer at the bar, did not continue to keep a regular fee book, and excused himself by saying, the money came in so fast, he could not enter it. His irregularity continued, for, at the time when, it is said, he was miserly, he left his pecuniary concerns to be managed by a friend. He felt the weakness growing on him, and hated himself for it. His closeness must, however, have been over-rated by his friends and himself, or he would have died a richer man than he did.

He seldom dined without having some one to share with him a meal that was occasionally too frugal. We have heard of his bringing

* On a diamond-shaped flag is the inscription:—"Here lies the body of Gertrude Curran, fourth daughter of John Philpot Curran, who departed this life October the 6th, 1792, aged twelve years." She lies under a little group of limes, ash, and laburnums, in a very safe, untroubled-looking spot.

Grattan and several others out to dine when he had nothing useable but cold corned beef; and that one of the guests took to the kitchen and manufactured a dish of "bubble and squeak," which the party, assisted by plenty of good wine, declared to be capital.

Curran, when roused, used to run over jokes of every kind,—good, bad, and indifferent. No epigram too delicate, no mimicry too broad, no pun too little, and no metaphor too bold for him. In fact, he wanted to be happy, and to make others so, and he rattled away, not for a Boswell to note, but for mere enjoyment. These after-dinner sittings were seldom prolonged very late, but they made up in vehemence what they wanted in duration. Curran played the violin and violoncello, and when the fit took him, played with great feeling and nature; but if asked to show off, he was timid and stiff in his performance. The same diffidence was observable in talking over any of his own speeches or writings.

Often, after his company had left him, he used to walk about the room, soliloquizing aloud, until he got into very high or very low spirits.

This habit of soliloquy he had fallen into when a young speaker. He *never wrote* his speeches, and hardly ever wrote even passages of them. There is no orator, living or

dead, of whom this can be said to the same extent.*

Curran's avoidance of written speeches was deliberate. He thought that no foresight could enable you to calculate beforehand how to shape your discourse exactly, and he felt in himself the rare power of doing, on the spur of the occasion, whatever his genius, if allowed repose, could have planned. But though he wrote none of his speeches, he generally *prepared them with the most intense and passionate care*. Walking about his grounds, in his driving into and out from Dublin, and in those stray hours which intervened between the departure of his guests and the coming of the welcome guest, sleep, he most frequently be-thought himself how to shape his coming speech most persuasively; and then, and in walking in the hall, or when rambling over his violoncello, his happiest and most glorious thoughts used to come. He had a fine and well practised memory, and it carried for him to court the frame and topics, and leading illustrations of his speech, but no more. The speech was an original effort

* When we say orators, we do not mean public talkers, but men whose speeches are great combinations of reasoning or plausibility, fancy or passion, and who owe their success to the literary excellence and oratorical address, and not to other circumstances. This makes the orator occasionally rank below the speechless man of business and character.

upon these previous materials, and what the events in court added to them. His notes were mere catch words, as we mentioned in Rowan's case; nor were they needed, as the speeches for Finnerty and the Sheareses fully prove.

His library was small, but very good, especially in classics. He says in one of his letters that he was fond of metaphysical and theological studies, but he appears not to have had settled opinions on these subjects. From his letters one would say that Sterne was a greater favorite than Berkley or Virgil, and the Bible supplies his speeches with more illustrations than any book, save Nature's.

Alas, for poor Curran! his country's dishonor was not his only cause of woe. Just at the time sorrow for Ireland most pressed him down, his wife, the companion of twenty-five years, deserted him for a man whom he had long welcomed as a friend,—the Rev. Mr. Sandys. *Saint*

It has been said that Curran was dissipated, that he was apt "to hang up his merri-ment with his hat when he came home," and that he ought not to have so trusted a man of Mr. Sandys' character. We have neither leisure nor inclination to inquire whether he was too confiding, too careless, or too self-indulgent; suffice it, the separation took place

under circumstances of peculiar pain, not only to him, but to his children. Curran recovered but trifling damages in an action against Mr. Sandys, and this certainly shows that he was to some extent faulty. The occurrences of this trial estranged him from many of his old friends.

This event is said to have given a most cruel interest to his speech in the case of Massy and Headfort. His speech against Lord Headfort is beyond comparison the most persuasive pleading ever uttered in a case not involving national interests or public passions. By his ability and his personal sympathy for the case, he made it a great contest between virtue and vice. The safety of the juror's family, the character of the country, the fate of society itself, seem to depend on their making an example of this "hoary criminal." How he leads them over the whole chronicle of dishonor, yet never compromises their dignity or his own for one instant. His reply to the palliations offered by Lord Headfort's counsel sends them back in coals of fire. He represents the judge as interposing to prevent the victim's flight with her seducer, and puts in his mouth every argument that reason, passion, mercy, and Scripture could give to prevent this crime. He warns him that he cannot marry this fugitive; for, between him and the marriage altar,

there are two sepulchres to pass. He tears away the miserable pretext of love from an indulgence which would as surely cause the ruin, as it proved the dishonor, of its object; and under his burning eloquence he makes the lordly sinner blacken into a selfish, cowardly violator of hospitality, and a traitor to public morals.

This was Curran's last great achievement at the bar.

In 1806, on Pitt's death, Fox and the Whigs came in. It had been settled for seventeen years before, that when they should come in, Ponsonby was to have the first, and Curran the second, legal appointment. Ponsonby was made Chancellor; Curran was entitled to the Chief Justiceship if it could be vacated, and if not, to the Attorney-Generalship. He got neither, but was put off with the Mastership of the Rolls, encumbered by the officers of Sir Michael Smith; for Mr. Ponsonby had agreed to leave those officers in, or pension them before Sir Michael would retire. Curran was not consulted on this, and very naturally refused to be bound by it, and dismissed the officers. This led to a quarrel between him and Ponsonby, which was never healed. Both parties seem to have acted with just intentions. Curran explained the facts in a letter to Grattan, and to that published letter no reply was given, nor could

any. Ponsonby very honorably provided for these people out of his own estate.

Curran was unsuited to the technicalities and minute business of the Rolls. He had neither knowledge nor taste for it. He felt this, and the moment when he could rise, was one he anxiously looked for. It may be guessed that his orders on details were not very sound nor convenient. The only memorable decision he made was that in *Merry v. Power*. The expulsion of his party from office in 1807, forced him into communication with men whose policy he condemned as much as their principles.

In the vacation he often went to England. Some of his letters during these trips are precious tokens of the swell and depth of his ebbing mind. One dated from Godwin's house, 41 Skinner street, London, in 1810, tells us something of his habits and feelings:—

“I am glad to hear you are letting yourself out at Old Orchard; you are certainly unwise in giving up such an inducement to exercise, and the absolute good of being so often in good air. I have been talking about your habit without naming yourself. I am more persuaded that you and Egan are not sufficiently afraid of weak liquors. I can say from trial, how little pain it costs to correct a bad habit. On the contrary, poor Nature, like an ill-used mistress, is delighted with the return of our kindness, and is anxious to show her gratitude for that return, by letting us see how well she becomes it.

“I am the more solicitous upon this point, from having made this change, which I see will make me waited for in heaven longer than perhaps they looked for. If you do not make some pretext for lingering, you can have no chance of conveying me to the wherry; and the truth is, I do not like surviving old friends. I am somewhat inclined to wish for posthumous reputation; and if you go before me, I shall lose one of the most irreclaimable of my trumpeters; therefore, dear Mac, no more water, and make the other element, your wind, for the benefit of your friends. I will show my gratitude as well as I can, by saying handsome things of you to the saints and angels before you come. Best regards to all with you.

Yours, etc.

J. P. C.

He visited Scotland this autumn, and praises the knowledge, independence, and hospitality of *all* classes there. In one of these letters he thus speaks of having visited Burns' cabin:—

“Poor Burns!—his cabin could not be passed unvisited or unwept: to its two little thatched rooms—kitchen and sleeping-place—a slated sort of parlor is added, and it is now an ale-house. We found the keeper of it tipsy; he pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and with a most *mal-à-propos* laugh, observed ‘there is the very spot where Robert Burns was born.’ The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he founded, I could not stand it, but burst into tears.”

A more affecting sight could not well be. No man could sympathize better with the genius and failings of Robert Burns, than John Curran. In the whole range of literature, there are no two men more like. They

had the same deep, picturesque genius; the same absolute control over language; the same love of country and kind; the same impassionate, womanishly sensitive hearts; now plunging into difficulties from their loving, generous, and social hearts, and springing out of them by strength of intellect, and then, alas! both sinking under the tyranny of imagination, and seeking relief from intense melancholy in undue social excitement. There are several minuter points of resemblance, and any one familiar with the two men, must feel the likeness in their lives and works.

Some other bits of the letters show how playful he could be in all this depression. From Cheltenham, he writes in September, 1811:—

“During my stay here, I have fallen into some pleasant female society; but such society can be enjoyed only by those who are something at a tea-table or a ball. Tea always makes me sleepless; and as to dancing, I tried three or four steps that were quite the cream of the thing in France at one time, and which cost me something. I thought it might be the gaiters that gave them a piperly air; but even after putting on my black silk stockings, and perusing them again before the glass, which I put on the ground for the purpose of an exact review, I found the edition was too stale for republication.”

Talking of Irish parties, in the same letter he says:—

“The smoke is thickest at the corners farthest from the chimney, and, therefore, near the fire we see a

little more distinctly; but as things appear to me, I see not a single ticket in the wheel that may not be drawn a blank, poor Paddy's not excepted. To go back to the fire, — each party has the bellows hard at work; but I strongly suspect that each of them does more to blind their rivals, and themselves too, by blowing the ashes about, than they do in coaxing or cherishing the blaze for the comfort or benefit of their own shins."

From London, 1811, he says:—

"I have little doubt that Percival is as warlike a hero as Grenville, and just as capable of simplifying our government to the hangman and the tax-gatherer."

In a P.S. from Holland House he writes:—

"Some more lies from the Continent. Another victory, — three legs of Bonaparte shot away, the fourth very precarious. I really suspect that you have been here *incog.*, and bit everybody; for they will believe nothing, even though authenticated by the most respectable letters from Gottingen."

The next letter is strong on an important point:—

"As to our miserable questions, they are not half so interesting as the broils in the Caraccas. What a test of the Union! and what a proof of the apathy of this blind and insolent country! They affect to think it glorious to struggle to the last shilling of their money, and the last drop of their blood, rather than submit their property and persons to the capricious will of France; and yet that is precisely the power they are exercising over us, — the modest authority of sending over to us laws, like boots and shoes ready made for exportation, without once condescending to take our measure, or ask whether or where they pinch us."

In October, 1812, he was asked to stand for Newry, but was beaten, after a six days' contest, by General Needham. The Catholic agitation was then at its height, and yet, by the votes and labors of some Roman Catholics, he was beaten. His picture of these miserable men is such as to justify the cruel charity with which he bids the people "forgive them, for they will not forgive themselves."

His son's memoir contains a long treatise of his on the then state of Irish politics, in a letter to the Duke of Sussex. It is not equal to his less formal letters, in thought or style.

Curran resigned the Mastership of the Rolls in 1814, in consequence of his wretched health, which grew worse and worse every day.

But sickly as his body had grown, it was healthier than his mind.

Grief of every kind weighed upon that wild, sensitive heart of his. The purest by whose side he had striven for Ireland, were dead or banished; the bitterest with whom he contended, were no longer there to excite anger and exertion. There was no more a corrupt Irish party to be exposed, or an audacious ministry to be confronted and beaten back. His dearest child had withered under the last blow that struck his country, and all that remained of home had been poisoned

by a villain. He had ever been easily affected, and mirth and melancholy divided his restless being. Now these tendencies became diseased and excessive.

Memory, to him, wore "a robe of mourning," and came in "a faded light."

Dublin, at that time, had been emptied of its genius; it had not acquired the education which, in our day, *begins* to make its society tolerable, — and politically it was a blank.

He rallied every young man of promise about him; and many are living who have no greener recollection than the nights they spent at the Priory, when his mind, roused by friendship and sympathy, broke loose from its sorrows. Nor can we wonder, though we must grieve, at the influence which men, who had no merit but coarse gaiety and a knowledge of his character, sometimes exercised over his seared and trusting spirit.

Even from amid the excitements of London and Paris, where he was cherished and honored, he looked back to Ireland and wept bitterly.

In a letter to Mr. Lube, he says: —

"Everything I see disgusts and depresses me; I look back at the streaming of blood for so many years; and every thing everywhere relapsed into its former degradation. France rechained, — Spain again saddled for the priests, — and Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider: and, what makes the idea the more cutting, her fate the

work of her own ignorance and fury. She has completely lost all sympathy here, and I see no prospect for her, except a vindictive oppression and an endlessly increasing taxation. God give us, not happiness, but patience!"

The same letter has most plaintive and beautiful thoughts on the value of hearty loving intercourse among friends, and the dull hollowness of "general" society,—that wretched cheat.

His account of English society is bitter enough too:—

"Since my arrival here, my spirits have been wretchedly low: though treated with great kindness, I find nothing to my mind. I find heads without thinking, and hearts without strings, and a phraseology sailing in ballast: every one piping, but few dancing. England is not a place for society; it is too cold, too vain, without pride enough to be humble, drowned in dull fantastical formality, vulgarized by rank without talent, and talent foolishly recommending itself by weight rather than by fashion,—a perpetual war between the disappointed pretensions of talent and the stupid overweening of affected patronage; means without enjoyment, pursuits without an object, society without conversation or intercourse. Perhaps they manage this better in France, — a few days, I think, will enable me to decide."

This feeling about England confirmed him in refusing to enter the Imperial Parliament, which he had been repeatedly urged to do. Thank God he refused to be handed in by a corrupt patron, to exhibit a genius impotent

to convince, and able only to excite and gratify that hard-hearted senate.

His letters from Paris continue to express the same view of Irish affairs, and display the same mixture of jest and woe:—

“Patriotic affectation is almost as bad as personal, but I declare I think these things do a good deal in sinking my health, which is far from good; my spirits quite on the ground; and yet as to Ireland, I never saw but one alternative,—a bridewell or a guard-house; with England the first, with France the other. We might have had a mollification, and the bolts lightened, and a chance of progression; but that I now give up.”

That his grief was not the striving of a worldly spirit against the orders of nature, might be judged from a most fearfully humorous description of a visit to the Catacombs of Paris, to see “a dead population equal to four times the living.” It has contrasts as terrible as Goethe’s. There was a vain woman of the party:—

“I asked her whether it gave her a sentiment of grief, or fear, or hope? She asked me what room I could see for hope in a parcel of empty skulls? ‘For that reason, madam, and because you know they cannot be filled with grief or fear, for all subjects of either is past.’ She replied, ‘Oui, et cependant c’est jolie.’ It did not raise her in my mind, though she was not ill-looking; and when I met her above ground, after our resurrection, she appeared fit enough for the drawing-rooms of the world, though not for the under-cellar. I do not remember ever to have had my mind com-

pressed into so narrow a space: so many human beings, so many actors, so many sufferers, so various in human rank, so equalized in the grave! When I stared at the congregation, I could not distinguish what head had raved, or reasoned, or hoped, or burned. I looked for thought, I looked for dimples, — I asked, whither is all gone, — did wisdom never flow from your lips, nor affection hang upon them, — and if both or either, which was the most exalting, which the most fascinating? All silent. They left me to answer for them, 'So shall the fairest face appear.'

On the 22nd of August, 1814, he mentions his anxiety to live amongst the French, whom he preferred to the English, but he seems to have doubted his power of living much longer anywhere. Yet he feared not death:—

“I do not like the state of my health; if it was merely *maladie* under sailing orders for the undiscovered country, I should not quarrel with the passport. There is nothing gloomy in my religious impressions, though I trust they are not shallow: I ought to have been better, — I know also that others have been as blameable; and I have rather a cheerful reliance upon mercy than an abject fear of justice. Or were it otherwise, I have a much greater fear of suffering than of death.”

Still he bore up, and for two years more he shared his time between a Dublin circle, including Mr. Sheil, and all that was worth knowing here, and a London one, too large for description, but of whom the dearest to him were Moore and Godwin.

During the same interval, he fiddled a little with memoirs of his time,* and a novel which he had commenced. He occasionally appeared, too, at public dinners.

His time was at last come. The body could no longer endure that deep corroding sorrow. He was attacked by paralysis, in the summer of 1817, at Moore's table, and was immediately ordered to the south of Europe. He, however, thought it necessary to go to Ireland to settle his affairs.

Leaving Dublin, he felt it was for the last time. "I wish it was all over," said he to one friend; and as he grasped another's hand on the packet's deck, he said, "you will never see me more."

He returned to London,—but Ireland, enslaved Ireland, was like a vision before him. He burst into tears at a large dinner party on some slight allusion to Irish politics.

On the 8th of October he was attacked by apoplexy, and became speechless. On the 14th of October, 1817, at nine at night, his

* His feeling of duty as to such memoirs was strong, and is well said in the fragment we have of them:—"You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave,—stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the Majesty of Death, that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiassed by favor, and unstained by malice; so mayest thou be a witness not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead."

spirit went to another home. Several of his children, and his dearest friend, Mr. Godwin, watched his painless death."

Round the grave he sanctifies, before the effigy of that inspired face which was but the outside of his soul, and, oftenest of all, in communion with his undying thoughts, let the young men of Ireland bend.

His life was full of labor, daring patriotism and love. He shrunk from no toil, and feared no peril for country, and fame, and passion. He was no pedant,—good by rule, or vicious from calculation. He strove, because he felt it noble and holy and joyous to be strong, and he knew that strength comes from striving. He attained enormous power,—power of impassionate eloquence,—and he used that power to comfort the afflicted, to guard the orphan, to rescue his friend, and avenge his country.

A companion unrivalled in sympathy and wit; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot, who battled best when the flag was trampled down, and a genuine, earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time; let his countrymen study what he was and did, and let his country guard his fame.

His burial possesses more interest than commonly clings round the coffin of the

greatest. He had written in one of his letters, expressing anxiety, that the exiles of 1798 should be allowed to return.

“But,” he says:—

“They are destined to give their last recollection of the green fields they are never to behold, on a foreign death-bed, and to lose the sad delight of fancied visits to them in a distant grave.” * * *

He little thought it would be his own fate.

“The last duties (he pathetically observed in one of his latest letters) will be paid by that country on which they are devolved; nor will it be for charity that a little earth shall be given to my bones. Tenderly will those duties be paid, as the debt of well-earned affection, and of gratitude not ashamed of her tears.

From some cause or other, his executors would not or could not do so, and he was buried in one of the vaults of Paddington Church. There his dust lay for twenty years, when his remains were resumed by his mother earth.* Ever honored be they,

* Curran now lies buried in Glasnevin cemetery. His funeral to it was public, and so is his tomb. There is a monument to him in St. Patrick's Church,—a bust by Moore, on a sarcophagus. It is copied from Lawrence's picture, and is the finest monument, so simply made, I ever saw. Let the reader look at it when the setting sun comes upon it, and he will recognize lineaments of power. It is most like him in his glorified mood, full of thought and action. In an Irish Pantheon our greatest orator should be repre-

for they are all that is mortal of one of the purest, loveliest, and most potent spirits this land of ours ever nursed.

sented at full length, and the bass reliefs of his sarcophagus should be his receiving Father Neale's blessing, his rising to defend the Sheareses, his delivery of the judgment in Merry and Power, and his weeping for Ireland near his child's grave at the Priory.

THE LIFE
OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY GRATTAN.

FEW things in the perusal of history are more striking than the total dissimilarity in character of ages that closely succeed each other. In one country, and within the space of a single century, it is possible to observe a remarkable contrast between the successive passions and prejudices, tastes and manners of the same people. The English of the times of James the First and Lord Bacon, were as unlike their countrymen in the days of Cromwell and Milton, as these again were totally dissimilar from the contemporaries of King William and John Locke. So also in the eighteenth century the dissimilarity between the age of Walpole and Bolingbroke, and the era of Pitt and Fox, was as marked as the

difference in Irish politics between the days of Swift and those of Flood,—between the times of Grattan and those of O'Connell.

When, therefore, we examine the character of any public man, it is absolutely necessary to consider closely the nature of that society in which he existed, and the influence of the passions of his age. A political leader is not like the poet or philosopher, who lead isolated lives, remote from the passions of their contemporaries. The existence of a public man is necessarily blended with that of the community at large; between him and the people around him there is an active reciprocating influence, which is influential on the character of the leader as well as his followers. Of course, the really great public man is not the creature of his own times. If he were, his life would hardly be worth studying; but neither can he have a character totally at variance with that of his contemporaries. His life is a compromise between his own individuality and that of the public whom he strives to govern and direct. In proportion as he sympathizes with the aspirations of his own times, does he obtain present and popular authority; in the same degree as he rises superior to the transient prejudices of his age, and guides his course by general principles and exalted views, will he obtain posthumous fame. And in appre-

hending with intuition the exact confines between theory and practice—between the far-sighted views which reach to posterity, and those which regard the pressing claims of the passing hour—may be said to consist the art of all great and genuine statesmanship, as distinguished from the charlatanism, which, grovelling in the present, is sure to meet the contemptuous oblivion of future ages.

It will be particularly necessary to keep these considerations in mind when we are estimating the character of the illustrious subject of the present memoir.

HENRY GRATTAN was born in Dublin on the 3rd of July, 1746. His father, James Grattan, was for many years Recorder of Dublin, and represented the city in Parliament from 1761 to 1766. His family was eminent and respectable, and more than one of its members was held in high regard by Dean Swift.

The mother of Henry Grattan was Mary, daughter of Chief Justice Marlay; and there are reasons for believing that (as in the case of other celebrated men) it was to his mother that our great patriot was indebted for his natural genius. The family of Marlay claims to be of the race of the De Merlys of Normandy; and if their physical appearance were admitted as evidence in support of the pedigree they exhibit, it would be readily

conceded, that the Marlays were Norman in their origin. The immediate ancestor of the family was Sir John Marlay, one of the Royalists of 1640, and a distinguished officer amongst the Cavaliers. His son Anthony was captain in the Duke of Ormond's regiment in 1667, and settled in Ireland, where his grandson, Thomas, rose to be Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. He was a man of talents and literary accomplishments. He prided himself on being an expert swordsman, and a very droll anecdote is recorded of his having run an opponet through the body with a long sword, on which were stamped the Twelve Apostles! The wound was not mortal; and the Chief Justice, who was a man of humor, remarked that his adversary had "got the benefit of the trial by jury, and that *the twelve* had allowed him to escape!"

Chief Justice Marlay had several children, of whom the most eminent was Colonel Marlay, who distinguished himself at the battle of Minden. He was held in the highest respect by his celebrated nephew, who had recourse to his advice on more than one trying occasion. Another son of the Chief Justice was Richard Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford. He was a man of lively mind and genial character. His intellect was highly cultivated, and he was held in deserved esteem by his contemporaries. Indeed, few

families in Ireland could boast of a greater union of talent, learning, and virtue, than were to be found in the Marlays.

Young Grattan was sent to school to one Ball, who lived in Great Ship street. At his very first school he gave a striking indication of the native energy of his character. On his master having subjected him to a degrading punishment, which he did not merit, the boy was so outraged that he insisted on his father sending him to another school: he was then sent to Mr. Young's in Abbey street, where Anthony Malone and Hussey Burgh had been educated. At this latter school he was held to be a boy of great spirit, and in after times his schoolfellows loved to dilate upon the early development of his fine character.

In his eighteenth year he was seized with severe illness, which repeatedly returned to him at the most critical periods of his life. His physical organization bore little proportion to the remarkable ardor of his temperament. His body was rather a frail tenement for a spirit so eminently aspiring.

At this period of his life, his uncle, Colonel Marlay, appears to have discerned the character of his young nephew. In their correspondence the Colonel addresses Grattan in a tone more suited to a grown man than a forward youth.

In the year 1763, Grattan entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he became acquainted with John Foster (afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and representative of the high Protestant National party), Robert (afterwards Judge) Day, and John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare.

His most intimate companion was young Broome, who was not a member of the University. Their friendship seemed to have been based upon a community of taste and feeling. They had a strong love of poetry and rural scenery, and a decided taste for literature. It was odd enough that Broome was a military man; he was a cornet of horse when he made the acquaintance of young Grattan. The two friends became voluminous correspondents; and the letters of young Grattan to Broome are remarkably suggestive of the writer's character, and require particular notice.

Through all those letters, written in the twentieth year of his age, traces of the same style as that which he preserved through life are visible. In tone rather affected, they are uniformly artificial in their composition; they abound in expressions often incorrect, but often most forcible, and even picturesque. They are all formed on the model of style set by the letters of Pope, whose genius was much admired by Grattan.

It may be needless to remind the reader that in 1765 (when we get the first samples of Grattan's style) Pope was regarded as *the* poet. Polished, clear, and artificial,—seldom abandoned to enthusiasm,—exhibiting more care in finishing, than genius in inventing; sceptical without impiety, and caustic without coarseness,—the poetry of Pope, the bard of prudence, possessed a sort of complexional resemblance to the character of English society during the latter part of the lifetime, and for twenty years subsequent to the death of the author of the "Essay on Man." It was an age of modish town-bred philosophy; of manners elaborately artificial; of a certain conventional elegance, which was constantly aspiring after the beautiful in taste, and as constantly violating in practice the principles of natural grace. It was an age of the Theatre,—but the Drama was indebted to incomparable actors rather than to original authors for support. It was Garrick, and not Shakespeare, who obtained the admiration of the town; and the Macklins, Mossops, Quins, were more thought of by an elegantly finical public, than the Massingers, Ben Jonsons, and Shirleys of the old English Drama. The manners of the time were favorable to luxury rather than to enjoyment. The fine gentleman of that day aspired to an artistic refinement of manner, but never thought of

attaining ease. The woman of fashion was all powder and *toupee*,—hoops and high-heeled shoes. Everything was modish, artificial, and unreal. Even the pulpit partook of that character. The great divines of England were extinct, and a race of *petit maitre* prelates,—of neat, shallow, sparkling, superficial preachers, occupied the places of the Barrows and Tillotsons of former times. The genteel had prevailed over the grand; the elegantly small was everywhere visible; and the sublime was nowhere to be seen in English life, save in one conspicuous instance,—the great Lord Chatham, whose grandeur was heightened by contrast with the petty objects around him,—like a forest tree amidst the shrubs of a trim suburban garden.

The character of that age (between the close of the Jacobite contest, and the American Revolution) had considerable effect on the mind and style of Grattan. Its effects on the development of his genius were decidedly injurious. The young orator was naturally given to emotion; his cast of mind was melancholy, poetical, and rather vague; he was besides eager, passionate, and withal reflective in his habits. He loved others intensely, and the warmth of his friendship was universally reciprocated. He delighted in wandering in the open country, and his love of rural scenery had the nature of a passion.

He was also fitful — rather wayward — and subject to abrupt transition of feelings. On the whole, the poetical element largely entered into his composition.

But never was there an age less favorable to the poetical spirit than the period (1766) when Grattan was attaining to manhood. Yet it so happened that the times influenced Grattan's mind, and accordingly we find that he restrained the expression of his natural emotions; — became modish, affected, and finical; gave up racy originality for striking affectation, and tortured his powerful genius into the painful adoption of unnecessary epigrams and fantastical antithesis. But his genius was too strong for him; the artificial culture on false principles which would have destroyed an ordinary mind, was only able to spoil but not to smother Grattan's splendid powers.

On a cool and critical contemplation of his original mind and character, it may be fearlessly asserted that he was far more a poet, than an orator or statesman. It is confessedly admitted on all sides that he is the most poetical of orators, ancient or modern. Nor does his failure in the poems he wrote contradict in any degree the theory now put forward, — viz., that Grattan is to be considered rather as the poet of Irish political passion and national ambition, than as the

statesman expounding her wants, and providing for her necessities. It will be found that the facts of his life, and the subsequent character of his eloquence go far to corroborate this mode of estimating his character.

In 1767 he became a member of the Middle Temple, and repaired to London, during the period required for eating his way to the Bar. When he arrived in London, it was but natural that so susceptible a mind would have partaken of whatever was most exciting in its nature, and accordingly politics soon aroused him. His glowing intensity of mind found an object for admiration in Lord Chatham, who was the idol of Grattan. The commanding powers of Chatham,—his vast moral influence,—his vivid, electrical eloquence,—all these combined with his brilliant deportment to fascinate the young Irishman, who became an habitual attendant at the Bar of the House of Lords.

Sorrow for the death of a sister whom he passionately loved, drove him from London, and in conjunction with his friend, Robert Day, he took a house in Windsor Forest. Here he led a desultory life, more congenial with the unsettled reverie of a poetical mind, than with the hard ambition of a politician. His ways it must be admitted were rather eccentric. The common part of mankind would have believed him out of his senses.

He spent whole nights rambling about the forest, and delighted to lose himself in the thickest plantations. The scenery had all the charms of poetical association, besides its own natural beauties, to engage the cultivated mind and impassioned nature of young Grattan. He seems to have intensely enjoyed the liberty of wandering by himself through the forest, on the moonlight nights; now starting a herd of deer from their bed of fern, or anon losing himself in some shadowy thicket. During these poetical rambles, his mind, we may be well assured, was not idle, and the habit of indulging in poetical sensations may be said to have colored his whole existence. If he had in those days bravely relied upon nature and given us his own sympathy with her charms, the world might have had some fine poetry. But the moment he came to write verse, he only could see with the eyes of "Mr. Pope." With an impetuous temperament and ardent imagination, he chose for his model a poet, whose style, admirably suited for a mind of keen social perception, was little suited for the rapturous expression of exquisite emotion. Instead of choosing a model congenial with his own mind, he selected one adapted for a totally different nature, and soon became disgusted with his attempts. He says of the productions of his muse, — "that they are

the efforts of her mind rather than the nature of it." But, in truth, the greatest poetical genius has often been destroyed, by the adoption of uncongenial models. Dryden would not be remembered by posterity, if he had continued to write rhyming tragedies on the French models; and would Walter Scott ever have been known, if, instead of pouring forth his inspiration in the picturesque form of the ancient ballad, he had written upon a severely dramatic model?

During his occasional residence in London, Grattan's mind was a good deal unsettled. He did not appear to enter into sympathy with the social character of the metropolis. Although very far from being a "puritan" in his habits, he was (unlike most Irishmen) not given to conviviality. His existence was comparatively isolated; nor did he show any decided inclination to mingle with much company. In those times, society was more open to strangers than it is at present. Clubs were not established, and the men of letters, the actors, the gay and clever loungers upon town, were all to be met with at the fashionable taverns. The Grecian Coffee House was at that time the favorite lounge for young Irishmen. But though Grattan occasionally visited it, he was not one of its habitual frequenters. He had an early *rencontre* there with the odious Dui-genan. That person, on his first introduction

to young Grattan, like a mean varlet, thought that servility would ingratiate him with his new acquaintance. It so chanced that Recorder Grattan and the celebrated Doctor Lucas were political foes; and accordingly the sycophant Duigenan launched into vituperation of Lucas. But Grattan, to Duigenan's surprise, espoused the cause of the popular champion with considerable warmth. High words ensued, and Robert Day was apprehensive of a quarrel on the spot. In the evening Grattan again repaired to the Grecian, with a long sword by his side; but Duigenan did not appear, though he wrote a comic poem on Grattan's droll appearance upon that occasion.

Of Grattan's habit of declaiming to himself numerous stories are preserved. His landlady in London wrote to his friends requesting that he should be removed, as he was always pacing her garden, addressing some person whom he called "Mr. Speaker," and she was in doubt of the sanity of her lodger! Judge Day records an anecdote of Grattan's having in one of his moonlight rambles in Windsor Forest, stopped at a gibbet, whose chains he apostrophized in his usual animated strain. He was suddenly tapped upon his shoulder, by a very prosaic personage, who inquired, "How the devil did you get down?"

In 1768, Grattan's eldest sister was married to Mr. Gervase Parker Bushe, and a very brilliant circle of society was thereby opened to the young Templar. The county of Kilkenny was then inhabited by a very gay and spirited gentry, characterized not merely by their love of sport, but of refined and elegant pleasures. Private theatricals were maintained amongst them with considerable spirit, and foremost in that joyous company was Henry Flood, with whom Grattan then for the first time made acquaintance. For the next four or five years of his life he led a very gay existence, and was a member of the most brilliant circles of Irish society. He was naturally, like all Irishmen, very fond of the theatre, and he took a prominent part in the private theatricals of those days. He does not seem to have been well adapted for histrionic excellence. His manner was abrupt and violent; his nature too vehement and not sufficiently mercurial; his delivery disagreeable from a redundancy of uncouth gestures; and his voice without agreeable modulation. Indeed, from his acting, no one would have augured the presence of an orator. But Grattan was more deficient in the mechanical parts of public speaking than any orator of his age.

In 1774, at Marlay, the seat of the La Touche family, he acted in the Mask of

Comus, in company with Hussey Burgh, Gervase Bushe, and *seventeen*(!) La Touches. The epilogue, spoken by Miss La Touche, afterwards Countess of Lanesborough (so celebrated for her beauty), was written by Grattan, and exhibits more social liveliness than might have been expected from the tone of his mind. It contains some very nervous couplets:—

“But why choose Comus?—Comus won't go down;
Milton, good creature! never knew the town.
Better a sentimental comedy,
That leads the soul unconsciously astray,—
Where, about good, fierce rakes are always ranting,
And fond, frail woman so divinely canting,—
And sweet, sad dialogue, with feeling nice,
Gives flavor and variety to vice!”

The state of Grattan's mind during the first years of his manhood, may be imagined from one of his early letters to his friend Broome. He writes of himself in the following terms:—“A breast the slave of a thousand discordant passions; now intoxicated with company,—now saddening in solitude; sometimes disturbed with hope,—sometimes depressed with despair, and equally ravaged with each; disgusted often, and often precipitately enamored,—all this makes me poor in my own esteem.”

From the time that he had first become a Templar, up to his thirtieth year, he lived a great deal in London; and as he increased

in years, he appears to have acquired considerable relish for the public amusements of the metropolis; he was naturally fond of music, and his ear was most susceptible to the beauty of cadence. The Italian Opera was one of his great enjoyments; and whenever he was not indulging in meditation, he was either listening to some Italian syren, or intently watching the course of politics in the Houses of Lords and Commons. In fact, with all his moodiness, and wayward impulses, he appears to have led a most delightful existence, and gradually to have become a more brilliant and accomplished man of the world, than might have been anticipated from one who had lived in self-imposed seclusion. His acquaintances might have taken him for an idle man, but the "*strenua inertia*" of Grattan was not to be confounded with the habitual indolence of a loitering dandy. He read many of the first-rate authors with attention,—and the text-writers on politics appear to have been studied by him with much care. By study and observation he became well qualified to offer an opinion in grave matters; his discernment of character was generally correct, and his descriptions of men and things were vivid and characteristic, though tinged with his singular mannerism. The reader must be referred to his correspondence with Broome

and others, for many suggestive traits of his character.

Few circumstances, however, had more effect on the life of Grattan, than his close intimacy with the famous Henry Flood. It will be necessary to mark this acquaintance, which was attended with very important results.

In the year 1770, and thereabouts, Flood was unquestionably the first man in Ireland, possessed of public fame. By birth and property he was amongst the first Irish Commoners, and by character he was raised above them all. He may have had his equals in talent, but there was, from his first entrance into public life, a decided moral purpose in Henry Flood. He was bold, intractable, austere; ambitious both of power and popularity, and though "a candidate for contradictory honors," in the main he contrived to make his personal ambition subservient to his patriotic purposes. He was the first Irishman who obtained a reputation as a great parliamentary leader. In mere debating talent he was equalled, if not surpassed, by John Hely Hutchinson; but this latter person, with all his accomplishments, was a mere conventionalist,—a courtier by his tastes, and a waiter on providence by profession. Flood was, however, a man remarkable for much moral enthusiasm and ardent attachment to Ireland.

Throughout all his life he labored to raise his native land.

Intimacy with such a man as Flood produced great effect on Grattan. Previously he had been merely a lounging politician,—a *virtuoso* in matters of State importance. He had surveyed public questions from too remote a position, to share in their excitement; but he appears to have become an eager politician, from his intercourse with Flood. The brilliant success which Flood had obtained, as a public speaker, joined with his popularity and fame, naturally had effect on Grattan, who had been distinguished by Flood, in social intercourse, with a most marked complimentary attention. They read together a great deal; declaimed with each other, and acted in the same plays. In short, their personal friendship soon ripened into political sympathy.

In this brief memoir the writer cannot diverge into a general narrative of the Irish politics of the last century; yet it is hardly possible to understand the career of Grattan without comprehending the state of politics when he entered upon the public stage. Hence a few additional words upon Henry Flood are absolutely necessary.

In the progress of Irish Protestant Nationality—or Irish Legislative Independence—five persons chiefly attract the notice of the

political historian. These are, first, Molyneux, who in his "Case of Ireland" impeached the legal authority of British Legislative power in Ireland; secondly, Swift, who created an Irish feeling amongst the English interest planted in Ireland, and by his mingled wit, public spirit, and literary talents diffused Irish sentiments; thirdly, Doctor Lucas, who imbibing the sentiments of Swift, practically asserted and maintained the legal principles of Molyneux; fourthly, Henry Flood, who first raised an Irish political party, on principles analogous to those on which the rival parties in England have been founded; and lastly, Henry Grattan, the most splendid and dazzling, though some have thought not the most politically effective, of them all.

Of Molyneux and Swift it is needless to speak. Of the importance of Lucas in Irish politics, it is enough to say, that after having maintained the principles of Irish Independence, he was prosecuted by government, and compelled to quit Ireland, after which the House of Commons voted him to be an enemy to his country. The great Johnson honored him after the following fashion, in a review of some medical publications of Lucas:—"The Irish ministers drove him from his native country, by a proclamation in which they charged him with crimes, which they never intended to be called to

the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence. Let the man thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a conferrer of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish."

The first movement measure, which gradually led to Irish Independence, was the Octennial Bill of 1768, and the original steps which led to that measure were, in the opinion of Lord Charlemont, due to the influence of Lucas. It has been said of him, that "he raised his voice when all around was desolation and silence. He began with a corporation, and he ended with a kingdom." So much for the influence on politics which a virtuous and courageous citizen can obtain.

Flood's great public effect on Irish politics was from 1761 to 1770,—during the successive Viceroyalties of Lords Halifax, Northumberland, Weymouth, and Townshend. In those times he raised a powerful opposition party—a sort of national opposition, intended as a lasting depository of fixed public principles—which "should not fluctuate with the intrigues of the court, nor with capricious fashions amongst the people." Previously, the British minister had been encountered in Ireland by a desultory opposition. The

technical hostility of a Molyneux he did not fear, and the powers of a Swift could not be handed down to posterity with his principles. The order to which the Lucases belonged necessarily cramped the extent of their social importance, though it could not forbid the exercise of their abilities. And the opposition offered to government by the Boyles, Ponsonbies, and Fitzgeralds, was of a personal character, and not of a public importance; in objects, factious, and in results, futile.

But Henry Flood laid the basis in Ireland for a hereditary parliamentary opposition. He may have been very inconsistent with his own principles, — that is a matter of dispute; but it is matter of certainty that he founded an enduring Irish party, which, aided by events, and the genius and patriotism of Grattan, obtained the legislative freedom of Ireland. Flood rallied to his political standard some of the first commoners in the country. He gave to his principles the advantage of aristocratic support. He proposed broad measures — in which all the public took interest — and, laboring to make parliament *tell* upon the nation, he also sought, out of doors, to make popular influence react upon the House of Commons. If Lucas had the merit of starting the claim of an Octennial Bill, Flood had the honor of advocating

it with great oratorical power, and of wringing it from the administration of Lord Townshend in 1768. On two other public subjects of first-rate importance, he was strenuous, able, and convincing. These were: the permanent erection of a constitutional military force in addition to the standing army, — a kind of national militia; and the third subject to which he applied himself was the exposition of the law of Poynings, on which he maintained the principles of Molyneux.

These questions were treated by Flood with great ability; and he acquired considerable popularity by his vigorous opposition to the Townshend Viceroyalty. But, in the succeeding Harcourt Viceroyalty, Flood, to the surprise of his party, consented to accept a Vicetreasurership, one of the principal state offices at that time existing in Ireland. He complained that he had been betrayed by many of his friends; that they had deserted him in his most important movements; and roundly asserted that he could serve his country more effectually in office, than out of it. He maintained that the Irish patriots could do nothing without power, — that power in Ireland depended on office, because the influence of the crown was so great, that it was not possible to oppose it effectually, and the only way to serve the country was in office. It may be added that

the Harcourt Administration was a very different one from Lord Townshend's, and that Flood appears to have made his office useful to the public. Posterity has acquitted him of having acted from mean or paltry motives.

A constructive view has frequently been taken of Flood's career, in which it has been dexterously urged that the honor of the Revolution of 1782 belongs as much to Flood as to Grattan. But such an opinion, however ingeniously supported, is preposterous. A Revolution of that nature could not be conducted by one man, and its honor carried off by another, in the face of a whole nation. The voice of that age, the tradition of posterity, and historical examination of the period, all concur in indicating GRATTAN as *the* man of 1782. Nevertheless, it is matter of certainty, that Flood produced vast political effect in favor of Ireland, previous to the entrance of Grattan into parliament. Indeed, it is not improbable, that the great success which Flood obtained in working the Irish cause, induced Grattan to look to the Irish Parliament as the scene of his labors. He was not fond of Dublin society, and possibly dreamed of entering the English House of Commons. But Flood seems to have sucked him into the vortex of Irish politics. In *Barataniana* Grattan wrote several pieces

(amongst others his celebrated character of Lord Chatham); and, in fact, he was one of that party of which the ostensible leader was Henry Flood.—In short, to sum up in a sentence, the influence of Flood upon Grattan appears to have been of this nature, viz.: to determine Grattan's mind strongly towards Irish politics,—to give him the notion that something great might be done in Ireland, and that a man of powers might win an European name on the comparatively restricted ground of Irish politics. The example, rather than the teaching, of Flood suggested to Grattan what he himself might do.

Thus far have we traced the early development and formation of his personal character. We see that originally he was of a poetical nature, and that his affections were of exquisite sensibility. His passionate love of nature, the vagueness of his early purpose, his wayward moods, reveal to us much of his interior structure. A certain lofty mien is also visible in his youthful character. We see also how he contracted the mannerism which adhered to him to the last, and how much influence was produced on him by the age in which he was educated. Other things also attract our notice. These are his exchange of poetry for politics, and the fascinating influence of the great Chatham, whose sublime and soaring eloquence appears to

have made Grattan feel that the career of a mighty orator was as grand as the rapturous existence of a poet. And lastly, we perceive, that if his style was influenced by the last century in England, and by the oratory of Chatham, that his purposes were materially affected by the career of Henry Flood. But if Pitt helped to make him an orator, and if he were partly trained into politics by Flood, in eloquence or statesmanship Grattan was the copyist of neither. He was eminently original, as we will clearly observe in examining his public and historical career, to which we will now proceed.

The public life of Grattan naturally resolves itself into two periods, — from 1775 to 1800, in the Irish Parliament, and from 1801 to his death in 1820. His political course in the Irish Legislature may be examined under three heads, viz.: I.—From his entrance on the public scene till the conclusion of the Revolution of 1782. II.—From 1783 to the declaration of war against France. III.—From 1793 to the Union.

I.—On the 11th of December, 1775, he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons, as member for the borough of Charlemont, to which he was nominated by its noble owner. At that time Grattan was very well known in society, and his reputation for ability and eloquence was the cause of his introduction

to Lord Charlemont. With that nobleman he continued to act for many years, and though their friendship was terminated abruptly, their respect for each other was not diminished. Lord Charlemont was more fitted to be the ornament of any cause than its support. He was a most amiable and worthy private character, but for the conduct of great affairs he was little suited. His historical reputation rests on his connexion with the party that brought about the events of 1782, and his claim to the gratitude of Irish posterity depends on his having given a conspicuous example of an Irish nobleman with ardent local affections, — a love for the people of his native land, and a desire to raise its honor and celebrity amongst the nations. Of the liberal and useful arts, he was a munificent patron and judicious supporter; with men distinguished for talent and probity he delighted to associate; his mind and manners proved the humanizing and elevating influence of the intellectual pursuits which he cultivated with ardor. His character has been as ridiculously exalted by the idle panegyrists of his own times, as it has been unjustly depreciated by harsh censors of our own days. He was an Irishman by affection as well as by the accident of birth, and, despite that he was born and bred amongst the aristocracy, had a heart for his country. So

let us qualify the adulation of which he was the object during his life, and mitigate the censure which has been often passed upon his memory.

But Lord Charlemont was not a statesman in any sense. He had not even the secondary accomplishments required by one who aspires to manage great affairs. He was a miserable speaker, and was a weak, though elegant, writer on political matters. He wanted breadth of view, boldness of character, and energy of constitution. The nervousness of his physical system attacked his mind, and weakened his moral resolution. Nevertheless, his association with Grattan was attended with most important consequences to both of them; for they were men peculiarly necessary to each other. Lord Charlemont gave to Grattan the great advantage of political connexion, in return for which he received an alliance and support of the most gifted intellect in the country. There was no Charlmont party in Ireland, until Grattan called it into existence; and the party which is to be honored for the success of the Revolution of 1782, and which by many is held responsible for the subsequent failure of that political experiment, dates its formation from the appearance of Henry Grattan in Parliament.

No time could have been better chosen for

his entrance to the House of Commons. Flood had become silent and *quasi*-ministerial, and though there was a host of talent in opposition, its leaders were rather desultory in their mode of warfare against the ministry. Many things contributed to render the Irish cause dangerous to England. The contest of the Americans with the mother country; the decided hostility of the French and Spanish houses of Bourbon; the distracted state of England during the government of Lord North: all these combined to make any Irish party formidable to the British power. But in addition to these sources of trouble, the Irish cause was in those days particularly to be feared from the peculiar sources of the Irish discontent then prevailing. Hitherto, the battle between England and Ireland had been upon the point of honor (as far as the latter country was concerned); but, in addition to old and transmitted causes of feuds, the struggle between the countries on the appearance of Grattan was fiercer, because the trading interests of Ireland were grossly depressed by the monopolizing policy of England. The British manufacturers and their representatives in Parliament cared just as much for the interests of Irish Protestant traders, and Irish capitalists, as the English peers and Anglo-Irish absentees for the Roman Catholic families who had lost all their

estates at the Revolution. For in all countries and in all ages national ambition is little affected by sectarian sympathy; it is at once the most selfish and impartial of the passions. Confession of the same creed will never restrain a powerful empire from striking down its weaker rival.

The Protestant traders and manufacturers of Ireland desired Free Trade as a means of extending their commerce, and emerging from their depressed condition,—but they were told that their wishes could not be granted because the British Parliament was supreme. The Protestant gentry of Ireland were ambitious of a nobler theatre of exertion, where they might obtain power and fame,—but they were told that their Irish Houses of Lords and Commons should remain a degraded provincial assembly, because the British Parliament was supreme. Mr. Flood and his friends, who had desired to govern for Irish purposes, were told that their suggestions could not be adopted because the British Parliament was supreme. Whether propositions in favor of Ireland were made by the friends or foes of the ministry, the answer was, “Impossible! The British Parliament was supreme.”

The English minister of the time was Lord North, opposed by the Rockingham party, by the Shelburne interest, by Charles Fox,

and, greatest of all, by Edmund Burke. In Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant was Lord Buckinghamshire, a man of notable political talents who had acquired distinction as a diplomatist. His chief secretary was Mr. Richard Heron, who had been selected for that post, because he had been law agent and manager of Lord Buckinghamshire's estates. He was the nominee of the Lord Lieutenant, who had chosen him as his creature, and for his own convenience.

Meantime the Irish Opposition plied the administration with various measures, and attacked the British government in all directions. The law of Poynings (involving the whole question of Irish right to govern itself) was discussed in a supassing style of legal ability by Yelverton: the iniquities of the Penal Code against the Catholics, were denounced by Mr. Gardiner and Sir Hercules Langrishe: and Gervase Bushe applied himself to the question of an Irish Mutiny Bill (involving the existence of the Volunteer force): Mr. Brownlow and the celebrated Denis Daly attacked the supremacy of the British Parliament. Events favored their exertions. The government of Lord North was an "Iliad of Blunders." General Burgoyne's army had surrendered to the Americans,—on all sides England was menaced with danger.

Still there was something wanted to make the Irish question more formidable. The constitutional quarrel with England had been of a character not altogether uncompromising, and very litigious in its mode of procedure. The question hitherto had been like a wrangle between a colony and a parent state. There had been little in its nature that was grand and aspiring. Its domestic sources were physical misery, manufacturing discontent, and a sense of many local wrongs. But there was now about to be flung into the political caldron, an ingredient of magic influence for exciting the most violent commotion; and the wizard was to appear who, by the spell of a passionate and romantic eloquence, was to disenchant Ireland of its moral subservience to England, and make her aspire to political independence, and national fame.

The Irish feeling of nationality, which had been appealed to by Molyneux; Swift, Lucas, and Flood, was of a character rather negative. Their patriotism, in its style, was little colored with the sentiment of country. They seemed as if they had resolved not to be English, rather than to be positively Irish. There was little in the fashion of their writings or eloquence that could be esteemed as distinctively national. There was no traditional feeling roused by them, and indeed on a close examination of their speeches and writings it

would be difficult to discern the vestiges of genius "racy of the soil." Flood's oratory flowed in that style most affected by British parliamentary debaters. There was too much of the spirit of a common-councilman in the speeches and tracts of Lucas, and Molyneux was legal and didactic. Swift, indeed, exhibited abundance of the humor that one looks for in an effective popular writer on Irish matters, and occasionally displayed genuine pathos. But who could have assimilated the writings and speeches of those men with the national character of the Irish people? Where can we find in the political writings of the Dean of St. Patrick's that genial nature, and sensibility to emotion,—in short, the enthusiasm of the Irish? The Swifts and Floods had been most useful to the Irish in the work of resistance, but there was not enough of creative political genius in their public manifestations. The pile which they had raised would, perhaps, never have been wrapt in flame from the combustibles which they applied. A more subtle and brighter element than they had thought of was required.

Now, while the Irish Opposition was teasing Lords North and Buckinghamshire with the harassing methods common in ordinary political warfare, Henry Grattan was musing by the banks of the Liffey. The old and

natural character of the man had broken out. He who had wandered through Windsor Forest, meditating on the dryads and fawns of the sylvan scene, was now in early manhood transformed into the patriot reflecting on Irish regeneration. His excellent uncle, Colonel Marlay, then lived at Cellbridge Abbey; and there in the bowers of Vanessa, Grattan meditated on creating the political independence of Ireland. In those very bowers, where

—— “the stern satirist, and the witty maid,
Talked pretty love, nor yet profaned the shade,”*

the regenerator of Ireland mused upon the liberty of his native land. He was perfectly true to his disposition,—the imaginative and romantic prevailed in the development of his mind. He was bent upon doing something great and glorious, which would transmit his name to remote ages. He was not satisfied with the proceedings of the Yelvertons, Bushes, Dalys, Brownlows, and others of the principal leaders of the Irish party. He thought something bolder, grander, and more aspiring was necessary,—in short, he believed that the freedom of Ireland was to be obtained.

But to venture upon declaring the inde-

* From lines addressed to Dean Marlay, from Grattan's pen.

pendence of Ireland was a bold measure. There were many unprepared for a scheme so full of risk and uncertainty. Those who held the property of the country were afraid of all political convulsion. And there was a large portion of the timid, hesitating public, not in favor of measures which the originators called "bold," and which many thought desperate. Still, however, there were circumstances peculiarly favorable to the policy which Henry Grattan was about to unfold.

Foremost amongst those circumstances was the existence of the Volunteer force, a body which had been originally marshalled for the defence of the country against continental invasion, but which it was evident might now be turned against the British power. The Volunteers had originally sprung up about 1777. A large corps of them had been assembled at Armagh by Lord Charlemont, who in spirited style had placed himself at their head. Those troops, curiously enough, had been banded together after application to the government for military assistance. But the secretary, Sir Richard Heron, declared that government could render no help. In such a state of affairs a Volunteer force was rapidly raised; a military ardor seized on all classes, and the gentry marshalled in the same ranks with the traders of the country.

The presence of such a force greatly aided the objects of Grattan. The plot began to thicken, and the English government gradually became more embarrassed day after day. Throughout the whole island the Volunteers had sprung up—a vast army—equipping themselves, and nominating their own officers. The Opposition, in the meanwhile, did not relax in its exertions. In the session of 1779, Grattan moved an amendment to the address in favor of Free Trade. Upon his motion, Hussey Burgh, a man of brilliant talents and upright character, moved a direct resolution that “nothing but a Free Trade could save the country from ruin.” The motion of Burgh was carried without opposition. +

England determined upon a change of Irish rulers, and sent over the Earl of Carlisle in place of Lord Buckinghamshire, and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), in place of Sir R. Heron. The latter change, so far as regarded the British interests, was decidedly for the better, as Mr. Eden was a remarkably clever man,—shrewd, sagacious, and observant. But it would have been a difficult matter for any ministers to have repressed the advance of the Irish party.

Meanwhile, Grattan resolved to assert, by a resolution in the House of Commons, the right of Ireland to legislate for herself. Most

of his friends and party, dissuaded him from the project. He was not, however, to be turned from his purpose, and his imagination was excited by the glowing hopes of giving freedom to his country. He has himself said, "Along the banks of the Liffy, amid the groves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa, I grew convinced that I was right: Arguments unanswerable came to my mind, and what I then presaged confirmed me in my determination to persevere."

On the 19th of April, 1780, he made his memorable motion of a declaration of Irish right. His speech upon that occasion was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland, and it vies with the greatest efforts ever made in the English House of Commons. He argued the whole question of Irish right with great ability,—setting forward the most convincing proofs of its justice,—but, in that department of the subject, he might probably have been equalled by more than one of his contemporaries; in what he surpassed them all, was the superior splendor of his style, and the impassioned vehemence of his spirit. He not merely convinced, but he dazzled and inflamed. A great part of his audience caught the fire of his enthusiasm, and when his speech was circulated throughout the country, the effect was prodigious. The mind of

the country felt that it was addressed in a style congenial with its own character. The enthusiasm and imagination of the speaker was warmly sympathized with by tens of thousands.

The great success of his splendid effort was to be principally attributed to his invoking the soul of the nation. He raised the spirit of the public far beyond the height to which his predecessors had carried it. Swift made the Irish sore, dissatisfied, angry;—but Grattan, in moving for Independence, introduced into the public mind a feeling of glowing, impassioned patriotism. Swift had often cast his contemporaries into fits of political wrath; but Grattan made the quarrel with England a subject of sublime moral emotion amongst his countrymen. He did not so much push the question of Irish freedom beyond the principles asserted by Molyneux, and labored for by Flood, as raise it into a loftier region of thought and sentiment. With bold and masterly hand he sketched a brave design of Irish liberty, and colored the picture with the hues of his own impassioned fancy.

Nor was he merely superior to those patriots, who had toiled before his time, in the brilliancy and splendor of his imagination. His character was less insular, and his intellect less hampered with provincial modes of

thought. If he was an Irish genius, he had given his mind an European education; and with the writings of the philosophers, who for good and evil affected the eighteenth century, Grattan was intimately conversant. Amongst his contemporary statesmen, he ranked next to Burke, in knowledge of the speculative writers who have treated of human nature, and of Man in society. Inferior to Charles Fox in acquaintance with the details of historical transactions, and with the beauties of polite literature, Grattan was incontestably superior to his English Whig contemporary in profound and valuable philosophical accomplishments. For Fox* had the English dislike to all speculation that is abstract, and remote from immediate application to affairs; Grattan, on the other hand, loved to soar into those realms of thought which have been explored by the metaphysical politicians.

The influence produced on Irish affairs in

* According to Sir James Mackintosh, the three works which have most influenced the politics of modern Europe, are "De Jure Belli et Pacis" (Gratias); Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws." The second of these great works was never read by Fox, and he considered the last of them full of nonsense. The fact was, that the mode of his mind did not suit the study of such treatises: his understanding was powerful and sagacious, rather than acute and subtle, better fitted for appreciating the actual and historical, rather than examining the abstract and speculative. He would probably have applied to metaphysicians, what a celebrated scholar said of the Basque people: "It is asserted that they understand one another, but I do not believe it."

1780 by such a man as Grattan, it is easier to conceive than portray. Space is wanting in this memoir to enumerate all the effects of which he was the producer; but briefly it may be said, that at the conjuncture of Irish politics during the latter years of Lord North's government, Grattan was hailed by his countrymen as the prophet of Irish redemption. He became a popular idol, and the object of the enthusiastic affections of the people, who invested him with a popularity and applause eclipsing the fame of all his contemporaries in the Irish Parliament. As Grattan introduced into Irish affairs an element of lofty moral enthusiasm, springing from his own impassioned and romantic mind, so was he in turn acted upon by the ordinary public passions of those around him, and in but a few months from his first motion for Irish independence, he reached the giddy and dazzling height of being recognized before the world as *the* man who impersonated the cause of Ireland.

The cause of Ireland! Words of singular significance, fraught with historical recollections of deep interest, and still portentous to all English and Irish minds which reflect upon the future government of these kingdoms. If ever that cause was to have died away, it ought to have been in the middle of the eighteenth century. Many of the old sources of

Irish hatred to England were extinguished. There was no religious quarrel to exacerbate the Irish feelings, for the Catholics crawled on without political existence, without civil rights, or even the hopes of gaining freedom. There was no question of disputed succession, for the Jacobite contest was at an end. The right of property was acknowledged to lie in the Protestant proprietors. The Houses of Lords and Commons were Protestant, and their members professed political adherence to the principles of the Revolution of 1688. In short, one would have supposed that the country was assimilated with England, and that they formed the same political power. After the total downfall of the Catholics one might have thought that England was never to hear again of the Irish nation. And yet the cause of Ireland, as a nation distinct from England, was never stronger or more prosperous than in those very times, when (without any Catholic assistance) the Protestant and Anglican inhabitants of Ireland proceeded to demonstrate the existence, and vindicate the undying principles of that old historical quarrel. "Nation," says the profound Burke, "is a moral essence, and not a geographical arrangement, or a denomination of the nomenclator." That essence of nationhood was as intensely existing in the Protestants of Ireland, as in the Catholics whom

they had trampled into dust. Time had only changed the champions of the cause of Ireland; the historical strife was continued with unabated ardor by the Protestants.

One cannot pass those times without remarking, that much of Grattan's force in Irish politics was to be attributed to the conformity between his mind and the genius of his countrymen. He may be considered as the first great representative of Irish eloquence, and though Burke possesses the superiority as a statesman, Grattan carries the palm as the great orator. The eloquence of Burke in the British senate has often been characterized (and with justice) as *Irish* oratory. Indeed, any one that consults the English ministerial writers who drudged in the service of George Grenville, may be amused by the mode in which they attack Burke as an Irishman. But Grattan was not (as many have idly said) a pupil of Burke in oratory. His style was far more dramatic, more startling, more picturesque, and much less prolix. It was not prone to run into dissertation, and was always calculated to move the passions, while it appealed to the judgment of the audience. As a public speaker, it must be confessed, with all admiration for his intellect, that Burke was frequently wearisome. His speeches were made to be read, and not to be spoken. But Grattan contrived, with

singular genius, to be always original,—generally profound, and never tiresome.

It would be a trite subject nowadays, to enter into the critical merits of the eloquence of those great men who illustrated the close of the eighteenth century, but it may be enough here to say that Grattan was original and creative, and was the tame follower of no man in his eloquence, or politics. He was *himself* at all times.

Amongst the moral qualities that we can trace as having contributed to Grattan's vast public success, there was one deserving particular notice.

He appears to have had more vigor of *will* than most of his patriotic contemporaries. His physical and moral courage were of very high order. Even when he was most dispirited, and shattered in his physical frame, he seemed to have retained a certain fierce audacity of spirit, which rather courted danger than shrunk from it. Indeed, if one may be permitted to criticise his personal courage, it had too much of the dare-devil. Though brilliant, cultivated, and polite, there was a latent audacity in his character, which made him formidable even to the execrable bullies, who then infested Irish society. At that time the ferocious and blood-thirsty principles of the "Fire-eating code" were recognized in Irish society, and to those principles

Grattan lent all the influence of his example. His position in Irish politics was in some respects rather singular. Without great property, or very high social connexion, he affected to lead the Irish parliament. In any age of Irish history, no other Irishman of the same moderate social pretensions aspired to such a leading part as Grattan. To play that part — the Chatham of Ireland — required no ordinary resolution. Mere political genius, or proficiency in parliamentary eloquence, would not have sufficed. A vigorous will, and capacity for self-assertion, were required; and with those qualities Grattan was eminently endowed.

It is the province of the historian, and not of a commentator, to detail the events of the Irish Revolution of 1782. It is enough here to remark, that though the thought of Irish Liberty did not proceed from the Volunteers, yet unquestionably the ideas were realized only by the means of exhibiting force. Everywhere throughout the island, the public spirit was wrought up to extraordinary excitement. Indeed the political proceedings of the years that immediately preceded 1782, chiefly consisted in the enlistment and frequent reviewings of the Volunteers, who had chosen Lord Charlemont for their General. The Volunteers became, if not *de jure*, at least *de facto*, a national standing army; they assisted in

the maintenance of public order, escorted the Judges of Assize, conveyed prisoners to jail, and moved from place to place. The first noblemen of the country were at their head: in the North, Lords Charlemont and Erne; in Connaught, Lord Clanricarde; in Munster, Lords Kingsborough, Inchiquin, and Shannon, commanded large bodies of armed militia, which existed without the concurrence of the Crown. Yet neither morally or technically could disloyalty have been imputed to them. They were not Republicans, like the insurgent Americans: with the exception of a few corps in the North, they had as little of the anti-King feeling in their composition, as they had of the irreligion of the French Revolutionists. Their intensity was Irish, and not democratic; their purposes national, rather than convulsive. They aimed at a redistribution of political power within these islands; but unlike the Revolutionists of France and America, they did not embody ideas calculated to spread through society, and influence the moral character of mankind. Considered discursively, their political principles were those of the Revolution of 1688: their leaders did not differ from those views of political liberty entertained by the English Whigs. They put forward doctrines which came under the ban of an Imperial rather than a social Alarmist, and

rendered themselves obnoxious to the authority of a William Pitt—representing English will and administering the British empire—rather than to the moral censure of a Burke, philosophizing upon politics. It cannot be too distinctly maintained, that whatever moral power was in the Volunteers and their leaders, was derived from a national source. The “moral essence” of their nationhood was their vivifying spirit.

For uttering the feelings of such a party Grattan was exactly the man required. He had an enthusiastic passion for Ireland, and at the same time he desired connexion with England. He was himself what is called in politics, “a Whig of the Revolution,” equally opposed to the Absolutism of the Tory, or the Ultra-Liberalism of the Radical. He was a stanch enemy of Lord Chatham’s great bugbear, “the House of Bourbon.” He did not wish that the British power should diminish (except in Ireland), for then Europe would have been at the mercy of France. He wished that Irish society should be moulded into the same form as that existing in England, but that its color should be Irish, and its spirit “racy of the soil.” He desired that Ireland should have a nationality (moral and historical) distinct from that of England; but he placed bounds upon its political ambition. He would have had Irish manners, Irish

traditions, Irish affections, Irish literature, Irish art; but he would not have an Irish Sovereign, except in conjunction with England.

This is not the place to examine whether such ideas could ever be permanently realized: it is not within the narrow limits of this memoir, that we can examine whether such splendid aspirations for objects, apparently contradictory, ought to be called *ideas*, or whether they were the phantoms of a poetical fancy kindled by a patriotic heart. Be it enough to say here, that they were Grattan's views on Ireland; they were the aspirations of the Irish statesmen of 1782; but they were as totally distinct from the ideas subsequently put forward by Theobald Wolfe Tone, as from those of Lord Castlereagh. Grattan was the *national Whig* of Ireland, and thus in politics he must be judged.

After the country had been thoroughly roused by Grattan and his friends, it was evident that war should soon take place with England, unless the Irish claims were conceded. The Volunteers held their famous meeting at Dungannon, on the 15th of February, 1782, and the celebrated Resolution, drawn up by Grattan, was passed unanimously:—"Resolved, that a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind

this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance."

The next resolution, directed against Poyning's Law, originated with Flood. But there was a third resolution, started by Henry Grattan, that made less noise at the time, but which must not be forgotten: it was one in favor of the oppressed Catholics, and ran in the following terms:—"Resolved, that we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion, to be equally sacred in others, as well as in ourselves; that we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland."

These resolutions spread throughout all Ireland, and were adopted not merely by shouting thousands, by assemblages numerically formidable, but by armed regiments of Protestants and owners of the soil, and by the Grand Juries assembled at the Assizes. What never before (or since) was seen in Ireland, then took place,—namely, unanimity amongst all parties and creeds in the cause of their common country.

In the spring of 1782, the ministry of Lord North fell, amidst universal unpopularity. Lord Rockingham, after some delay, was made Prime Minister, and all the sections of

the Whig party became united. Fox and Lord Shelbourne were made Secretaries of State; Burke was appointed Paymaster of the Forces; the Duke of Portland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Colonel Fitzpatrick was made Chief Secretary. The new Lord Lieutenant was a shuffling, vacillating, insincere nobleman, of much infirmity of purpose, but not destitute of low cunning.* Fitzpatrick, the Chief Secretary, was a spirited and accomplished person, of open and manly character, and well deserving to be popular. But though British interests were served by the dismissal of Lord North from power, the new Government found hopeless difficulties to contend with in Ireland. There were not five thousand of the King's troops in the island, and there were nearly one hundred thousand Volunteers, filled with a passion for liberty, whose hopes, too, had been long deferred, and who eagerly demanded their freedom.

In such circumstances, Charles Fox, the principal man of the new Whig Government, determined to see what skilful diplomacy might accomplish. He saw that there was nothing to be done, except to resist the Irish by arms, or to master them by policy, and

* This character of the Duke of Portland receives painful confirmation from the recently published memoirs of Lord Malmesbury.

he was not without hopes of doing the latter. For that purpose he resolved to gain time upon the Irish leaders, and trust to the providence of events for giving him some means by which he might save England from the concession of liberty to Ireland. For both he and Edmund Burke considered the Irish claims as most dangerous to England.

And it is not to be denied that Fox was very near triumphing over the Irish leaders; in fact, he would have done so but for Henry Grattan. The English Whig Government had numerous personal friends amongst the Irish patriots. Fitzpatrick was a scion of an Irish family that, for centuries, had been Lords of Upper Ossory. Burke had many leading friends in the Irish House of Commons, and several of Fox's adherents in England were Irishmen, as, for example, Sir Philip Francis, Colonel Barre, Mr. Sheridan, Courtney, and many others. All the force of party, connexion, and personal friendship, was immediately put in action by Fox. He saw the difficulty of his position, and, like a strong man, rose with the emergency.

On the 14th of March, 1782, Henry Grattan had given notice that he would again bring before the Irish House of Commons the question of Legislative Independence; and he moved further for a call of the House for the 16th of April,—the day on which

members "were to tender the rights of the Irish Parliament." It therefore became a paramount object with Fox to interpose delay. He sought to play upon the good nature of Lord Charlemont, and endeavored to amuse the Irish leaders, with various kinds of speeches and compliments. He partially succeeded. Denis Daly was favorable to giving "time" to the English Government: so also was Hussey Burgh, and so was Mr. Yelverton, — three men of unquestionable spirit and ability.

The 16th of April drew near, and public expectations were greatly excited. There were symptoms of some of the patriot leaders faltering in their course. Grattan, who had been suffering after a life of three years' continuous excitement, was breaking down in health, but not in resolution. He was confined to his bed from physical debility, though his mind was full of nerve. On the 13th of April, three days before that appointed for the Declaration of Irish Independence, Lord Charlemont wrote to Flood requesting him to come to town and give his advice upon the emergency of affairs; but Mr. Flood declined to do so. Charlemont went to the bedside of Grattan, and told him of the letters he had received from Fox and Lord Rockingham. He told him also of the opinions of their fellow patriots; but Grattan

vehemently cried: "NO TIME!—NO TIME!" and Lord Charlemont was obliged to write a letter to the English Government, "that they (the Irish leaders) could not delay,—that they were pledged to the people,—that they could not postpone the question, for that it was *public property*." Such were the words dictated by Grattan.

At length the 16th of April, 1782, the most memorable day in Irish history, arrived; and Grattan, to the surprise of all who knew his physical weakness, appeared in his place in Parliament. His looks told his sufferings: he was emaciated and careworn; and an ordinary man in his state would not have been fit to enter, much less to address, a public assembly. But Grattan was no ordinary man; and he electrified his audience with a speech distinguished, in the words of an English critic, "for its fire, sublimity, and immense reach of thought." Lord Charlemont used often to say, when alluding to that day, "if ever spirit could be said to act independent of body it was on that occasion." The speech was in every respect equal to the occasion; and Grattan won universal admiration by the power of mind and character he showed when moving his resolutions of independence. He stated the three great causes of complaint on the part of Ireland: the Declaratory Statute of George I.;

the Perpetual Mutiny Bill; and the unconstitutional powers of the Irish Privy Council. The repeal of the two statutes, and the abolition of the sway of the Privy Council were the terms on which he would support Government.

His resolutions were triumphantly carried. Chief Secretary Fitzpatrick found it useless to make resistance. The House of Lords concurred with the House of Commons in the famous Address to the King, stating "that the Crown of England is an Imperial Crown, but that Ireland is a distinct Kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole Legislature thereof." The English Government then placed the Resolutions before the King, who directed copies to be laid before the British Parliament; and on the 17th of May the English House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee for the consideration of the whole question. Mr. Fox determined to yield with a good grace. He stated that he would rather see Ireland wholly separated from the Crown of England, than kept in subjection by force. "Unwilling subjects," he said, "are little better than enemies." He then moved a repeal of the 6th George I., and his motion was adopted by Parliament.

The Irish Parliament then met on the 27th of May; and the Lord Lieutenant officially noted in his speech the concurrence of the

English Government with the resolutions of the Irish Parliament. Mr. Grattan moved the Address in answer to the Speech, and only two members voted against the Address. Notices of several Irish bills were then given by Grattan, Yelverton, and Forbes; and the Irish Parliament entered upon its independent existence.

Thus was carried the Revolution of 1782, in the achievement of which Henry Grattan played a part that would preserve his memory in history, even if his eloquence had not immortalized his name. In the 36th year of his age he stood before the world as the leading statesman in a national Revolution pregnant with vast consequences to the authority of England, and to the politics of Ireland. Aided by a number of able men, and backed by a national army, he had brought about the most singular state of political relations between the countries. His ideas may be simply stated thus:—First, he wished that Ireland should own the Sovereign of England as her King. Secondly, that she should deny the *legislative* power of England upon Irish matters. Thirdly, that the Irish should live in affection with England, while they should preserve a passionate nationality. And such also were the views of his contemporary statesmen. On one important point, however, Grattan widely differed from many of

the leading patriots. He was the earnest and unswerving supporter of the whole claims of the Catholics,—he was for their Emancipation from the odious bondage in which they had been held. As a matter of sentiment he was in favor of religious liberty and freedom, and also as a matter of opinion; for, looking at the whole question as a statesman, he saw that it was utterly absurd to suppose that Irish Independence could exist when half the country was enslaved. It reflects much credit on his political sagacity that he prophesied the Union, unless the Catholics were emancipated by the Irish Protestants, who in those times monopolized all political power. Upon the great question of the liberty of the Irish Catholics, Grattan was completely right from first to last; and it must be admitted that his devotion to their cause was not merely the cold dictate of political prudence, it was also the impulse of his manly, generous nature. Throughout his whole life, and in all seasons, to the cause of the Irish Catholics he “clung (to use his own words) with a desperate fidelity.”

In return for Grattan's services a vote of £100,000 was proposed in Parliament, for the purpose of giving him an estate. His first impulse was to decline the grant; he disliked to receive public money for services which had been voluntarily offered to his

country. Yet if he declined an estate his difficulties were considerable. His patrimony was far from being sufficient to support the station to which he had raised himself. He could not turn to the bar after having devoted so much time to politics. He should therefore be compelled either to retire from the public scene, or to become a placeman. His uncle, Colonel Marlay, so strongly represented to him the nature of the latter dilemma, that Grattan acquiesced in the wisdom of becoming independent of party. He consented to accept half of the sum voted to him by Parliament; and probably then formed his inflexible resolution never to take office,—as during his long life he repeatedly declined official position, though tendered him by various administrations.

The second period of Grattan's Irish Parliamentary life commenced with the agitation of the question of "Simple Repeal."

Mr. Flood had evidently been much mortified with the splendid success of Grattan, and felt considerable chagrin at having been surpassed by his political pupil: he seemed to have resolved on recovering his former popularity,—even at the expense of destroying Grattan's reputation. His conduct from first to last in the events of '82 was very singular and inconsistent: at first he had dissuaded

Grattan from bringing on the question of Irish right, and affected a part of caution and moderation; but when independence had been declared by the Irish, and assented to by the English Parliament, he suddenly became the boldest, most vehement, and anti-English of all the Irish patriots. He declared that England's repeal of the 6th George the First effected nothing for Ireland, and contended that "simple repeal" of that statute was not enough to effectuate Irish independence, unless the English Parliament passed a special act positively renouncing all claim to legislate for Ireland.

It should have been an object of supreme importance to have avoided vexatious questions and idle discussions, and to have united all Irish parties in a vigorous support of the new constitution of the country. Mr. Flood, however, succeeded in completely discrediting the Revolution of 1782, and in making the Irish public suppose that nothing effectual had been accomplished by Grattan. With childish credulity they attached extravagant importance to the idle doubts of Mr. Flood, and placed faith in scandalous calumnies, which the malignant and envious propagated against the character of Grattan, who was held up to public odium as a mercenary adventurer "bought by that country which he had sold for prompt payment." In two

months, from being the idol of the nation, he had sunk to be the object of public reprobation,—the victim of slander and falsehood. !!!

It is an easy thing now to dispose of the idle question of Simple Repeal. In truth, there was nothing whatever deserving of attention in the point raised by Mr. Flood. The security for the continuance of Irish freedom did not depend upon an English act of Parliament. It was by Irish will and not at English pleasure that the new constitution was to be supported. The transaction between the countries was of a high political nature, and it was to be judged by political reason, and by statesmanlike computation, and not by the petty technicalities of the courts of law. The Revolution of 1782, as carried by Ireland, and assented to by England (in repealing the 6th George the First), was a political compact,—proposed by one country, and acknowledged by the other in the face of Europe: it was not (as Mr. Flood and his partisans construed the transaction) of the nature of municipal right, to be enforced or annulled by mere judicial exposition. MS

The question of Simple Repeal was twofold in its nature,—legal and political. Mr. Flood contended, in his own words, “that the simple repeal of a declaratory law (unless it contains a renunciation of the principle) is

only a repeal of the declaration and not of the legal principle" (June 11th, 1782). No such position as Mr. Flood here asserted could be maintained by sane lawyers, unless (as was the case in 1782) several of them had their minds inflamed by spleen, or excited by fanaticism. If a legal principle survives the repeal of a declaratory law, where does it exist? How is it operative? In what case can it be applied? It may have a metaphysical existence in the head of an abstract speculator, or a fanciful politician, but where does it exist in tangible shape? A legal principle is cognizable; but when the law containing a principle is erased from the statute book, where is the principle to be sought for? In truth, if Mr. Flood's mode of construing the effects of a repeal of a statute were correct, a most fatal analogy would be established for those high prerogative lawyers who favor constructive doctrines of all crown law. Several of the worst laws of the Stuart times were annulled by simple repeal: if the views put forward by Flood were right, these principles still survive. Innumerable laws were swept from the statute book by Romilly and Mackintosh, but do the principles of those enactments remain?

Again, treating Mr. Flood's question according to the principles of *Irish* constitutional law (as it existed in June, 1782), his

views were ridiculous and inconsistent. What was the principle of the Revolution of 1782 other than "that Ireland was a distinct kingdom from England, with an Imperial Crown, but a Parliament of its own, the sole legislature thereof?" These are the words of the Declaration of Rights, unanimously assented to in the Irish House of Commons. The Revolution asserted the supremacy of the Irish Parliament in Ireland,—“The King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland should alone make laws for Ireland.” How truly absurd then to have sought Irish liberty by a renunciatory act of the *English* Parliament! Seeking for an *English* law on such a subject was calling in question the *right* and *power* of Ireland to legislate for herself. As Mr. Grattan aptly said, “we went to the Sovereign *with* and not *for* a charter.”

As a question of *legal security* and *British* constitutional law, the absurdity of Mr. Flood's views were admirably exposed by Grattan. “What is the authority of the Parliament of England? Omnipotence within the realm of England. It makes law—it unmakes law—it declares law; and whatever it enacts the King must execute—the judges declare—and the subject obey. Against whom have you sought security? Against the Parliament of England. What security does the member propose? The

statute law of England, which does not bind the Parliament of England! the law against the law-maker: a security which ends where your danger begins; which is essentially defective in the very point where you want to be secured; which is the very reverse of a specific for your disorder. With peculiar sagacity, he rejects the faith of nations, which alone can bind the power of Parliament; and he calls for a law, which is the creature of Parliament, to restrain it; he calls for English statutes, which secure you, I allow, against the individual, the corporation, and the King, and everything, except the British Parliament."

But to all such reasoning the public were deaf. Thousands of persons fancied that nothing had been obtained by the Revolution, and that England still had legislative power. The Irish public lost its sense, and, in a couple of months, Grattan was denounced in various quarters. His popularity vanished; his character was unjustly abused; Mr. Flood became again the favorite leader. The friends of Grattan were disgusted, but he himself determined to punish Mr. Flood for the course which he had pursued. In 1783, they stood before the public as rival leaders, and each had many friends and enemies. Flood thought that Grattan had been ungrateful, and Grattan considered

that Flood had not behaved fairly. In short, a bitter animosity subsisted between them. Grattan could not contain his wrath, and seized the opportunity to provoke Flood by some very harsh taunts at "his affectation of infirmity." To the moroseness of Grattan's speech, Flood replied with savage truculency, denouncing Grattan as "a mendicant patriot, subsisting upon the public accounts, who, bought by his country for a sum of money, then sold his country for prompt payment." He followed up this personality with some withering sneers at Grattan's aping the style of Lord Chatham, tauntingly contrasting him with "the great commoner"; and, pretending to commiserate him, shorn of reputation and bereft of popularity, he contemptuously concluded by condoling with him on the calamities suffered in his fame, as, doubtless, "he was still so great, that the Queen of France would probably have a song made on the name of Grattan!"

To be thus roused was all that Grattan wanted. He had artfully drawn Flood out; the House had listened to the attack,—it was now bound to hearken to the reply. Indeed, honorable members desired nothing better than to behold the rival champions mangling each other's character. The more savage the sarcasm, the more galling the taunt, the more cruel the imputation used

by each orator, the more pleased was the House of Commons, which delighted in exhibitions of rhetorical pugnacity, followed up by the excitement of hostile meetings out of doors. Any other man would have been crushed by Flood. But Grattan was admirably prepared. With artful affectation of temper, he stood up to deliver his reply, and, after addressing himself to the general question, then gave a long, critical account of Flood's entire life, in which he ingeniously distorted every feature of his rival's character, and, with malign skill, darkened every shade that rested on his reputation. He stooped even to satirize his person, "hovering about the senate, like an ill-omened bird, with sepulchral note, cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak, watching to stoop and pounce upon his prey." He continued, at great length, to work out an elaborate character of Flood, presenting the most artistic specimen of invective that has disfigured the Parliament debates. It cannot be denied, that there was remarkable talent in the composition of the philippic. The form and outlines of the character intended for Flood were drawn with masterly firmness; and the closeness, as well as the variety of sarcasm, was remarkable. The force of the whole invective was increased by the spirit of personal vengeance that animated the virulent performance.

"Can you believe," wrote General Burgoyne to Charles Fox, "that the House heard this discussion for two hours without interfering? On the contrary, every one seemed to rejoice as his favorite gladiator gave or parried a stroke, and when the Chair at last interfered, they were suffered by an inattention, which seemed on purpose, to withdraw themselves." A hostile meeting was agreed upon between the parties, but Flood was arrested. While a duel was pending, Grattan made his will, by which he left his grant of £50,000 to the public, merely charging it with a life-annuity for his wife.*

The evils which followed from the contest on "Simple Repeal" were very great. The Irish public was distracted, and a distrust sprung up in England of the wish of Ireland to remain in the Imperial connexion. The odious personalities between Grattan and Flood led to a general rupture in the national party, and all these evils were compensated by no real advantage. Mr. Flood was technically the victor in the dispute; he succeeded in carrying the public with him; but his triumph was barren. The Renunciation Act was passed, and well may it

* He married in 1782 — during the very crisis of the age — Miss Henrietta Fitzgerald, a lady of beauty and virtue, to whose character her son has paid a most touching tribute, while recording his father's career. — (*Vide Grattan's Life*, chapter 1, vol. 3.)

John Halligan

be asked, "*cui bono?*" when we remember that in seventeen years after the Union was carried with such ease!

The course of conduct pursued by Grattan at this period of his life is very open to political criticism. There were really only two parties amongst the Irish Protestants, — namely, the Aristocracy and the Democracy: the former were excessively selfish and arrogant, and the latter were equally violent and reckless. They had each the faults that political philosophers have always attributed to the privileged few, and to the excluded many; but thus it has been always in the history of Ireland. She has suffered much from external misgovernment, and scarcely less from her own internal discord. When her statesmen have triumphed over the Imperial rulers, they have oftentimes found themselves vanquished by homebred hostility. The "Irish difficulty" exists to baffle not only the "foreign statesman," but the "native" patriot, "racy of the soil."

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Thus it was after the Revolution of 1782. Ireland had obtained the right of internal government. The next question was as to the application of the power. It was evident that the vast authority obtained by the Irish Parliament could be used for legislative purposes. What system of government was to be put into practice? What

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measures should be carried for the public welfare?

The Aristocracy wished that nothing more should be done. They had been very willing to demand from England that they (the Irish Aristocracy) should "alone make laws for Ireland;" but they were very unwilling that their own privileges and hereditary influence should be invaded. The Democracy was equally determined that a more popular system should be adopted. Thus, in 1783, the Irish Aristocracy wanted to govern as a national, but virtually irresponsible body; the popular party desired not merely that Parliament should be national, but that it should also be responsible. So the first question before the free Irish Parliament was one of Radical Reform.

It was in this state of affairs that Grattan acted with weakness, or perhaps indiscretion. He resolved to side with no party, and to remain a neutral. He adopted no means for building up a party to carry out his own views, and vigorously maintain his principles. He voluntarily assumed the part of a critic and spectator, instead of a governor in the cabinet, or a guide of the popular passions. He refused to accept office, and he declined to act as a popular leader for Parliamentary Reform. His views were certainly inconsistent. He demeaned himself

towards the British Government, as if he sided with the popular party, and towards the Reformers he acted as if he had been the partisan of Administration.

It is evident, from the published letters and speeches of Grattan, that he was utterly mistaken on the nature of political power. He confounded fame with authority,—celebrity with influence,—the respect and admiration of the enlightened few with the obedience and submission of general society. He had been *the* Statesman of Ireland for three years previous to 1783, and he thought he could always remain powerful. He also seemed to think that the system of government, which he had been the means of giving his country in 1782, would govern it, without the necessity of any more intervention of public passions. He had evidently too much faith in the Lords and Commons of Ireland. His mind was tolerably easy on the problem of Irish government. The country had now its own Parliament,—that should govern it.

But mankind, after all, have been, and must be, governed by men. Given the best system and the happiest people, it will still be a problem how to govern. In vain have ingenious theorists—men of subtle minds and intellectual accomplishments—tasked themselves in constructing plans of perfect government.

Try the best system, and when it is carried out, there will always be passions to resist, interests to be controlled, order to be maintained, and liberty to be cherished and preserved. The best system can only modify the operation of those passions, for the effective control of which government is instituted. Thus let the Humes and Montesquieus — the Adam Smiths and Bentham — devise the most perfect schemes; there will always be plenty to do for the Chathams, the Mirabeaus, the Foxes, and the Cannings. For man is not a merely thinking being, he is also an active one; prone to the adoption of habits, but subject to the domination of dangerous impulses. Government, in short, requires governors; a self-evident truism, one might suppose, if the learned and ingenious had not given the world voluminous tomes treating the government of the human race as a mere matter of system. "Presiding principle, and prolific energy," was Burke's fine idea of government. But the theorists, occasionally admirable upon "principles," blind their eyes to the "energy," inherent in society; that vital energy which can only be swayed by living men, and not by formal systems. For you may rule, but not root out public passions.

The fault of the theorist in exaggerating the value of mere systems, is often seen in

the man of action, who has himself founded an institution. Thus Grattan placed too much value upon a national Parliament, without considering sufficiently the species of the Legislature. These remarks will be confirmed by the examination of his conduct after the "Simple Repeal" question had been settled.

When the Irish public found that the right of Ireland to legislate for herself was firmly established, they next determined to reform the House of Commons. Their resolution was wise, and merited approval; for never, surely, did any Parliament require a more thorough reform. To obtain that reform a Convention of the Volunteers was established. Five hundred delegates, from two hundred and seventy-two corps, met together at Belfast. They passed resolutions, and addressed the Volunteers of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, and exhorted them to demand those rights, deprived of which "the forms of a free government would be a curse, and existence cease to be a blessing." Thus called upon, the Volunteers of Ireland responded, and one hundred and sixty delegates from all parts of Ireland assembled at the Rotundo. They marched to the Convention through ranks of Volunteers, who lined the streets, with arms presented, and standards flying. Persons of the greatest social weight, and of the most distinguished public

character, adorned their assembly. It comprised, amongst others, the Earl of Charlemont, Mr. Flood, Lord Farnham, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Stewart of Killymoon, Mr. Edgeworth, Mr. Bagnall, and Sir Edward Newenham. Lord Charlemont himself has vouched for the constitution of the Convention. "It presented," he says, "a *numerous and truly respectable* body of gentlemen. For though some of the lower class had been delegated, by far the majority were men of rank and fortune, and many of them Members of Parliament, both Lords and Commoners." Of the public feeling entertained towards it, his Lordship adds, "Though I never cordially approved of the meeting, yet as *I found it impossible to withstand the general impulse towards it*, I did not choose to exert myself against it."

In such a state of affairs, there was great anxiety to know what Grattan would do. The Ministers of England, and the Protestant Reformers of Ireland, looked for his decision with equal anxiety. It was a critical moment, not less important than that when he cried, "no time! no time!" Mr. Fox was intensely excited by the occasion. He saw what the Irish might achieve, and felt the greatest interest upon the whole question of Irish Parliamentary Reform. "I want words to express to you how *critical*," he wrote to

the Lord Lieutenant (Northington) "in the genuine sense of the word, I conceive the present moment to be; if the Volunteers will not dissolve in a reasonable time, government, and even the name of it, must be at an end." Again he wrote to his friend, General Burgoyne: "If Grattan, or any others, feel any difficulty in treating the Volunteers in this tone (that is, not to consider the request of persons assembled with arms), from the use they formerly made of them, I must say, their feelings are not only different from mine, but are diametrically opposite. Those who have used dangerous weapons for good purposes, are most bound to take care, when the object is attained, that no bad use is made of those weapons."

The whole question was, whether "the object" had been attained? In a technical sense, the Irish national liberty had been procured, but the real question was whether it was secure in the hands of a virtually irresponsible Parliament? Mr. Fox evidently believed that it was possible to govern Ireland by influencing its Parliament; and he thought, if the Irish House of Commons were reformed, that the English Government would have no power over it. Upon the other hand, several Irish politicians thought that Irish liberty was not secure, unless Parliament was made virtually responsible.

Grattan, on this most important occasion, did——nothing.

He did not become a member of the Convention, nor did he support the Government. When Mr. Flood, having carried a plan of Reform through the Convention, brought forward his measure in the House of Commons, Grattan voted in its favor (without committing himself to Flood's scheme); but, at the same time, Lord Northington wrote to Fox: "Grattan voted against us, and spoke; but his speech evidently showed that he meant us no harm." In short, he elaborately acted the part of a mere neutral.

His conduct has been frequently censured in relation to this important question. It has been ingeniously defended by his son, Mr. Henry Grattan, who has shown a most graceful and filial regard for his illustrious father's memory. But even Mr. Henry Grattan is compelled to admit,—“It cannot be denied that the Volunteers had an argument. The Parliament of Ireland was a borough Parliament; and it was the Volunteers alone who roused the spirit of that body, and forced it to act, and when they had accomplished their purpose they could not be certain that Parliament would not relapse, and undo all that had been already done.” (Grattan's Life, vol. 3, p. 155.)

So formidable and powerful were the

Volunteers that Government had recourse to every means of weakening them. "*Divide et Impera*," was the policy acted on by Lord Northington in relation to the Convention. "Our next step," he wrote to Fox, "was to try, by means of our friends in the assembly, to perplex its proceedings, and to create confusion in its deliberations." And again, "Another desirable step was to involve them, if possible, with the House of Commons."

Thus the English ministers clearly saw how very formidable was the Convention. Fox's anxiety about Grattan's conduct sufficiently attests the amount of moral power which the latter could at that time bring to bear. For Grattan might have carried everything before him in the Convention, which was wretchedly in want of leaders. The men of property who belonged to it were not very earnest in their wishes for Reform; and there were several secret enemies to the popular party amongst its ranks. For want of controlling power—in short, for want of a judicious and vigorous leader—the Convention fell to pieces; its members quarrelled; the whole body became distracted; it ran foul of Parliament; those who had promised to guide it, took fright at the velocity of its progress,—and, abandoning their stations, left the Convention to dash itself to pieces.

From that time the moral power of the

Irish Volunteers was at an end. And it is remarkable that with the fall of the Volunteers terminated Henry Grattan's *direct* influence over Irish affairs. He ceased from that time to sway events, and wield political power.

He had obtained the independence of the Irish Parliament; in doing so he displayed not only splendid talents, but great moral courage. So also, when Flood sought to blast his character, and tarnish his glory, Grattan showed much resolution, courage, and self-reliance. He was right in all the thorny discussions of "Simple Repeal." But he was wrong on the question of the Convention for Reform. He was morally bound by his position to take some side or other. For Charles Fox justly said, "the real crisis" of the Irish Revolution arrived, when it was proposed to reform the Irish House of Commons. The experiment of Irish legislative freedom was virtually at stake; the necessity for Reform was admitted,—Grattan himself voted for it. The Parliament was notoriously venal; of three hundred members of the House of Commons, fully two-thirds were the nominees of about a hundred persons.

Grattan had right views upon Reform, but he took no steps for making those views prevalent in Irish politics. After the Volunteers were gone, he took up the question

of Parliamentary Reform, and he saw all its important relations to the permanence of Irish Parliamentary Independence. But he was too late; the Minister had bought up the House of Commons, and Grattan, after the Volunteers were dissolved, was always admired, but never obeyed, in Irish politics. He kept his genius, eloquence, and speculation; he lost his political power.

Grattan has been harshly censured for his inaction in Volunteer Reform. But though it is right to point out the error, it is very wrong to blame him as culpable. He believed that the Aristocracy of Ireland were more patriotic than they really were. He committed the glorious mistake of a noble and lofty nature,—that of believing the rest of mankind as pure, as unselfish, as enthusiastic as himself. He thought that Irish gentlemen would have the same sense of national honor as he himself possessed,—and he was deceived. He thought that he could enforce his views on Reform, without employing the questionable authority of *a domestic army employed for internal changes in his country*. Besides, he considered, not unreasonably, that the Whig Party in England would have lasted. He did not foresee (who could?) all the results of the coalition of Fox and Lord North. He did not foresee (who could?) the quarrel between Fox and Burke; the dissolution of

the great Whig party by the fearful progress of the French Revolution. He did not foresee (who could?) the abandonment by William Pitt of all his early Reform principles. He did not foresee (who could?) that the youthful Whig would become the most formidable Tory Statesman that England ever produced.

Grattan wanted no moral foresight in politics. It is only those shallow persons, who judge by the event, who blame him for not having been more democratic. If any one doubts his foresight, let him read the following prophecy (for such it is), delivered in 1790 (February 11th). Addressing the Irish Parliament, he said: "The country is placed in a sort of interval between the ceasing of a system of oppression, and the formation of one of corruption. Go on for ten or twelve years as you have done for the last five; increase in the same proportion your number of Parliamentary places; get every five years new taxes, and *apply them as you have done*, and then the Minister will find that he has impaired the trade and agriculture, as well as destroyed the virtue and freedom of the country.

Again, on the same occasion, his words were full of warning: "There is no object which a course of corrupt government will not ruin, — morality, *constitution*, commerce,

manufactures, agriculture, industry. A corrupt Minister issues forth from his cabinet like sin and death, and *Senates first wither under his footstep*; then he consumes the treasury, and then he corrupts the capital, and the different forms of constitutional life, and the moral system, and at last the whole isle is involved in one capacious curse from shore to shore, from the nadir to the zenith."

The charge to which he is really obnoxious characterized all his life. He was too much of a neutral. But the distracted state of his country is sufficient to account for his occasional inaction. It is certain, however, that throughout all his life, both before and after the Union, he was placed between two cross fires. I cannot help thinking that there were three or four occasions when he might have accepted office with real advantage to the best interests of his country.

But in offering any criticism on Grattan's mistakes, let us remember that we are judging after the event. It has been foolishly said that Ireland wanted a soldier-statesman in 1782. But such a man could never have created and inspired the feelings, which the original and poetical mind of Grattan first introduced amongst the English colonists and planters in Ireland. There are flippant critics who blame Grattan for not having done everything for his country. The truth is, that he

was immeasurably above his country and his age. The public could not follow him. For it was his peculiarity in politics to have a zeal for social and national progress, perfectly free from all that was anarchical and disorderly. f

Thus, to enumerate the facts of his early life:—I. He introduced into Irish politics an element of lofty moral enthusiasm, which sprung from his own mind and character. II. He raised provincial squabbles into national passions; and, distancing the Floods and Dalys, he snatched Irish Legislative Independence from England. III. His power fell from the internal dissensions of the island: he could not persuade the Protestants to emancipate the Catholics; he could not prevent the rise of the United Irishmen, nor save the Irish Democracy from the infection of Jacobinical principles; and, on the other hand, he could not retain the Irish Aristocracy in that love of country which they had exhibited in 1782. IV. Without influence or power he was a spectator of the Union. He was compelled to look on, while Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh extinguished the Parliament of Ireland. Thus, as a man of action, his career virtually terminated with the fall of the Volunteers. If, in 1784, he had joined the popular party, he might have moderated its tone, and rationalized its opinions; or,

upon the other hand, if he had accepted office when tendered him, he might have wielded much influence, and gradually raised a patriotic and governmental party. In either case he would have clothed himself with that power which was denied him in his isolated position.

I pass on to make some general remarks on his public character.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the nature of his powers, it is admitted, upon all sides, that Henry Grattan must be classed in the first rank of those famous persons who, partly by extraordinary eloquence, and partly by capacity for affairs, have been the real governors of these islands, from the Revolution of 1688 down to the present time. And not one of all that celebrated band—from Bolingbroke to Canning—was more eminently original both in character and genius. The boldness and grandeur of his imagery; the flight of his imagination, as well as the gorgeous richness of his language, attest the vigor as well as the beauty of his mind. The mere critic may note many blemishes of style throughout his speeches; he may often be justly displeased with incongruous metaphors, with vehemence tending to the bombastic, and with an excessive use of epigram and antithesis. But, admitting that his speeches contain faults, which are

interwoven with their beauties, enough of excellence will remain to win the admirers of intellect and genius. "His eloquence," said a distinguished living poet, "was a combination of *cloud, whirlwind, and flame*,"—a striking description of the partial obscurity, but startling energy and splendor, of his style.

Of all the great parliamentary orators, whose speeches have been preserved, those of Grattan are most worthy of perusal by the reflective and the studious. He may have been surpassed in parliamentary eloquence by some, and in political philosophy by others of his contemporaries; but none of them, like Grattan, addressed at the same time two distinct classes of persons, namely, the audience before him, and a certain higher tribunal of the thoughtful few, whom he ever kept before his mind's eye. The speeches of Pitt and Sheridan read in the study as so much rhetoric; Fox's orations are the massive remains of a wonderful debater: the purpose of the hour—the interests of his party—occupy too large a space in all his speeches, which, after all, were "made to be spoken and not to be read." Burke had two distinct styles,—one grave and didactic, as in his American speeches (which are spoken essays), when he wearied his hearers, though he delighted his readers. In the other style

he was diffuse, and essentially rhetorical. But Grattan blended two styles into one, and dazzled those who listened to him, while he spoke so as to instruct even posterity. He was never surpassed for the union of philosophical principles and oratorical energy. "No orator of his age is his equal," says a great authority on eloquence (Lord Brougham), "in the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and liberal principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but most appropriate language." Thus it may be said with truth, that the speeches of Grattan are a valuable contribution to political philosophy, well meriting the best attention of the statesman, the historian, and the philosopher. The thinking power, to be found in all his speeches, combined with his vivid imagery, his singular mastery over rhythm, and the impassioned spirit pervading them, form their distinctive characteristics. The "*Esprit des Lois*" does not more differ from all other treatises of politics, than the speeches of Grattan from those of other orators: for it is only in manner that they resemble the fragments of Chatham. There is more of philosophy and moral thoughtfulness, more of the inquiring spirit of the eighteenth century, in the eloquence of Grattan. There never was such an union of the orator and sage.

But, enough of his eloquence; and in Ireland we have placed preposterous value upon mere oratory, which, after all, is valuable only as an instrument. There was a MIND in Grattan,—a moral power far more valuable than the vaunted art of the public speaker. In addition to a wonderful imagination, nature had given him a strong and clear understanding, which he vigorously exercised on most of the great questions in morals and politics. He read the best and deepest authors on political science with interest, and pondered much upon their principles. This habit he carried too far for a man of action; he became somewhat too professional and didactic in his public life; and he occasionally fell short of the wants of the age, by refusing to be an energetic leader, and assuming the part of an impassioned essayist.

The idle caviller may say that much of what he obtained for his country, has reverted to the English empire. It may be said that after all he did not save his country (as if any one man could put to rights such a country as Ireland!). It may be asked, what did he actually do for Ireland, that we should revere his character and venerate his name?

He was the first Irishman who ministered intellectually to the national character of his country. There were plenty of Irishmen like

the Desmond, the O'Neills, and Sarsfield, who vindicated the valor and hardihood of the Irish race. So also there were many Irish patriots before Grattan. But Swift, though he had both Irish humor and Irish purposes, was essentially an English author. So also Flood was an Englishman in his style and character. But Henry Grattan invented an eloquence to which the moral temperament of his country responded. His speeches are as much in conformity with its genius and its mental characteristics, as the pensive and wildly beautiful, yet alternately gay and exciting music of the island. You may trace in his eloquence the vivid nature, the eager mind, the cordial sympathy, and aspiring soul of the Irishman. In short, Grattan was the first powerful assertor, as he is certainly the most splendid illustrator, of Irish genius.

He was the first Irishman who treated of Irish politics on a grand scale, with breadth of view and liberal judgment. In an age of Protestant prejudice, he bravely unfurled the standard of religious liberty. When he pleaded for the Catholic there was no popularity to be gained by such a course. On the contrary, he injured his influence by his adoption of the Catholic cause. He not merely was content, like certain statesmen, to have his views in favor of the Catholics made known: he

labored also, by his pen, his tongue, by personal exertion, and by political sacrifice of power and popularity, to have those views prevail over the public mind.

There may have been those who loved the Protestant nation of Ireland, and who served it more zealously than Grattan. So also there may have been patriots who loved the Catholics and "lower nation" of Ireland more enthusiastically: but never surely did any Irishman, before or since, *love both nations with so much affection*. Never did any Irishman toil with such ardor for the best and most enduring interests of both; for though he boldly defended the interests of property against revolution and anarchy, he vindicated also the liberties of the Catholic against the sordid pride and selfishness of an ungenerous oligarchy. His patriotism made no unhappy distinctions between religious creeds or hereditary races. He wished for the happiness of all Irishmen. He was free from the Protestant prejudices of Flood, and opposed to the sanguinary principles of Tone.

In the annals of a land so torn with discord, it is perfectly delightful to meet (as we do in Grattan's speeches) with the unmistakable evidence of there having been once a man in Ireland who could take large views of his countrymen, and who, while cordially preserving his enthusiasm for his native soil,

would not allow himself to be the mere creature of either party. He showed that though he was intensely Irish, he was not merely insular. //

He was not only a national patriot,—he was also a herald of civilization. While he retained the charm of local color in his character, he was also much of the enlightened cosmopolite. He cherished large and inspiring views of life; his mind, in its philosophical excursions, was not manacled by a wretched faith in formula: he believed in the moral progress of the human race, and possessed a strong sympathy with mankind. Thus he deserved not only the affections of Ireland, but the regard of civilized Europe. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, in the House of Commons: “When the illustrious dead are gathered into one tomb, all national distinctions fade away; and not even the illustrious names of Burke and Wellington were more certainly historical, or more sure to be remembered by posterity, than that of Grattan.”

More than any ^{other} Irish patriot of his age, Grattan was cautious as to the means he employed. It was not enough to have glorious ends,—he strenuously insisted, throughout his life, on the necessity of worthy means. His moral character stands out in prominent relief amidst the venality and selfishness of

his contemporaries. "I never knew a man," said Wilberforce (talking of Grattan), "whose patriotism and love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably and exclusively to the public good."

It is curious to note what vicissitudes were in his popularity.

He was idolized by the people at the era of Free Trade and Independence;—he was cashired by them within a few months on the question of Simple Repeal. He was denounced by the authorities as an enemy to his country in 1798; in two years afterwards, on the Union question, he was exalted as the most strenuous champion of Irish liberty. When he voted for the Insurrection Act, and advocated strong measures against anarchists and prædial disturbers, he was traduced as the deserter of the civil liberties of his countrymen. Upon the question of the Veto, he was dismissed as the betrayer of the civil liberties of the Catholics; but in 1818 he was elected for the city of Dublin by the general consent of the people, when, strange to say, he was nearly stoned to death in his native city!

On this last occasion, a scene took place in which he revealed all his personal character. It is well worthy of notice.

After the election had terminated, the

members, according to usage, were chaired. Because he had been favorable to the Insurrection Act, and because, in some comparatively unimportant particulars, his conduct had not satisfied the ultra-popular party, it was determined to assail Grattan, and fling him into the Liffey. A plot, which happily was defeated, was formed against the venerable patriot. After passing Carlisle bridge, a base and execrable gang assailed him with ferocity. His friends around him were greatly alarmed; but, though Grattan was stricken in years, and shattered in his constitution, he displayed his characteristic personal courage. One of the wretches was but too successful, and succeeded in giving him a fearful blow, which cut open the old man's face. He jumped up from the chair, caught the missile which had fallen at his feet, and, fiercely looking defiance, hurled it back, with his failing strength, in the direction of the dastards whence it came. "Never—never (it has been said by one who saw the scene) did he appear to such advantage."

Yes! he did,—he appeared to much greater advantage afterwards. For though it was a fine and exciting thing to see the old man display the high spirit of his youth, it was far finer to witness his calm and serene deportment afterwards. Efforts were made to exasperate him against the popular party.

All the public bodies of Dublin crowded round him, and tendered him their respects. He saw the use to which the incident would be turned by the evil-minded, and, true to the leading principle of his life, never to criminate his country, whatever he might suffer from its momentary injustice, he thus replied to the public address of Dublin, in the following most beautiful and touching words:—

“MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—A few individuals; a sudden and inexplicable impulse; a momentary infatuation; anything—everything—might account for that violence of which you complain. It is not worth your investigation. My friends and electors have nothing to say to it. I receive the unanimous expression of congratulation from my fellow-citizens, not as a consolation for such a trifle as that, but as an inestimable testimony, which I shall endeavor to merit, and ever preserve.

“I am, gratefully,

“Your faithful humble servant,
“HENRY GRATTAN.”

Thus, after having passed through a stormy age, and having experienced all the vicissitudes of public life, his brave and manly nature remained tender and genial to the very last. He died in the public service. Though warned by his medical attendant of the consequences, he insisted upon going to London to present the Catholic Petition. Exhausted by the journey, he expired there. The best and noblest spirits in England gathered round his sons, and entreated that his remains should

lie where Fox and Chatham are interred. His grave is in Westminster Abbey.

Reader! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen,—study the works and life of Grattan; learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart,—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history, and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathize with all that is brave and generous in their character.

Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant Religion with tyranny,—learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant, and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think, also, that in the hour of his triumph, he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but labored through his virtuous life, that both you and your children should enjoy the unshackled liberty of conscience.

But, reader! whether you be Protestant or Catholic, and whatever be your party, you will do well, as an Irishman, to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn

from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country, containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan, never need despair. *Sursum corda*. Be not disheartened.

Go!—go! my countrymen, and, within your social sphere, carry into practice those moral principles which Grattan so eloquently taught, and which he so remarkably enforced by his well-spent life. He will teach you to avoid hating men on account of their religious professions or hereditary descent. From him you will learn principles which, if carried out, would generate a new state of society in Ireland. For it is not from a Senate, as some, or from the battle-field, as others will tell you, that the regeneration of Ireland can arise. It must begin at home in our social life. It must spring from the domestic circle,—from social affections expanded,—from enmities disregarded,—from views exalted beyond petty sectarianism,—in short, from Irishmen consenting to live and work together, and using, for their public purposes, none but humane and civilizing means. Go, then, and imitate the social example of our Grattan; for, though

to none shall it be given to obtain his genius, to copy his noble spirit is within the power of all. Let that spirit spread through society, and our lovely island will become, like the fame of our venerated countryman, not only a source of just national pride to ourselves, but an object of interest and respect to all mankind.

ADDENDA BY THE EDITOR.

IN enumerating the facts of Grattan's early life, the author of the preceding memoir writes:—"Without influence or power, he was a spectator of the Union." Not a silent spectator, however, as we shall see, if we trace his career through that eventful time. This, in our opinion, it is necessary to do, that Grattan may be understood. A father's love, his passions and his power, are best tested, and most clearly shown, at the death-bed of his child. You can know there what sort of a man he is.

Let us see, then, how Grattan bore himself amid the death-throes of his country,—how he "followed the hearse" of that NATION he nursed and loved so well.

* * * * *

Some time previous to the insurrection of '98, Grattan, disgusted with public life, retired, sick in health and heart, to Tinnehinch. There he communed in sad friendship with his own thoughts, and little else. There he

received a summons to attend the trial of Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone, in England. He obeyed it, leaving Mrs. Grattan in Ireland. She, a Geraldine, when Geraldines were great, subjected to nightly visitations and daily alarm from the yeomanry and Ancient Britons stationed in her neighborhood, was advised to follow Mr. Grattan to England. She did so, and met him in North Wales. His health was broken, his frame bent and emaciated, his heart sunk within him,—his very soul seemed melting away in tears. A nervous debility made thought a torture; and when Ireland was spoken of, friends feared for his reason, or for his life. Under these circumstances he could not be permitted to return.

Thus, while the insurrection burst and broke over Ireland,—while free-quarters ('twas then they quartered Freedom), half-hangings, and whole massacres, were proclaimed and acted,—while the jails were filled to bursting, and the informer fattened on brave and holy blood, Grattan wandered, sad and broken hearted, amid the nation he had conquered in his youth. 'Twas then he felt he would not be an exile had he written that great victory in blood.

Sometimes he heard of Ireland, by stealth or chance, for to speak of politics or to read newspapers was forbidden him, and others

in his presence. Once, however, Lord Holland referred in his hearing to the picketings and tortures of Castlereagh and his brother demons. "The Irish," exclaimed Grattan in agony, "the Irish know not how to plant the dagger."*

He wandered over Wales in search of health; but *his* sickness was not in the air or in the earth. He travelled thence to London, and placed himself under the care of more experienced physicians. Months of the years '98 and '99 were thus passed in silence and hopeless depression.

At home, in the old land, all who fought for nationality were in the graves of the living or the dead,—in the earth or in the jail. The last torch of insurrection was extinguished. They who should have backed and succeeded the dead warriors of freedom,—who should have fought England as Sheridan would, "up to his knees in blood,"†—stood alone, hated by the people for their

* *Grattan's Memoirs*, by his Son, vol. 5., p. 38.

† "Unquestionably Lord Clare and Lord Castlereagh deserved to die. The popular execution of such state criminals would have been a national, as well as a noble, judicial sentence.

"Some weak old women might have cried out 'murder,' but it would have been the deed of a Brutus; and in the eyes of posterity the people would have been justified, for the Union was a great and legitimate cause of resistance. Sheridan, in a conversation he had with Mr. Grattan on the subject, exclaimed: 'For the Irish parliament I would have fought England,—ay, I would have fought up to my knees in blood!'"—*Grattan's Memoirs*, by his Son, vol. 5., p. 68.

sectarian crimes, — by the English minister for their political honesty. Many of them, doubly hated by the former, were caressed by the latter. They helped to make their native land desolate, and then sold her barren nationhood. The people cared little, outside of the capital, what law-mill ground them, feeling they could not have worse masters than those who sent sorrow, and death, and burning through every cabin in the land. The hierarchy of the people made themselves amenable to the wishes of the government in consideration of a *Regium Donum*, and an Emancipation Bill. The high-souled and educated Catholic, the honest Orangeman, the selfish borough monger, the unpaid lawyer, and the pennyless Irish-hearted man of every persuasion only remained to back the Irish parliament. The full half of its members were already hirelings of England. She worked everywhere. Suborners and dupe-makers, and bribers, and deceivers, and intimidators, dodged through the capital, and flitted through the provinces. Men with views and interests the most antagonistic were at once deceived. Boroughs were bought, — cheaply, at first, there was *such* a supply. Men, too, were bought, there was such a demand for all that infamy can purchase. Add to this a ruthless army, netting in the land, — smoking roof-trees, — carcasses

on gibbets,—rebel heads still feeding crows upon the house-tops,—and doomed Ireland seems the saddest spectacle the God of heaven ever looked upon.

And these were the days of which we are to speak.

On the 15th of January, 1800, the last session of the Irish parliament opened. Lord Cornwallis, in the speech from the throne, did not allude to the Union, for the government forces were not yet collected. But Sir Lawrence Parsons, knowing the renewal of the measure was in active preparation, moved an amendment to the address, asserting the constitution of '82, and the determination of the Commons to maintain it.

The amendment was opposed by Castle-reagh. His speech was followed in opposition by those of Plunket, Fitzgerald, Moore, and Bushe, and thus a debate of deep interest and brilliant power continued till the following morning.

'Tis seven o'clock in that morning. The wearied, passionless placemen, nodding on their seats, waken but to some keener taunt or more trenchant argument. The opposition, few enough, have all their heart in the struggle still, and shout fresh and determined as ever. Egan, Bully Egan, is on his legs, lashing the minister and his myrmidons. A whisper runs through the house, and the

speaker is disregarded,—an all-engrossing whisper, as of news of vital import. The treasury benches pale as it passes along from ear to ear,—some smile incredulous, and some dread to believe. But amid the opposition there is glee, and gladdening eyes, and hand-shaking. What can it be? Is an army on its march to save the nation?

By and by Ponsonby and Moore leave their seats and walk out. Egan rolls his burly tongue in wrath again, but he has no audience: all eyes are on the door,—it has opened.

Three men stand in the doorway. One in the centre, leaning on the others, wears the uniform of the Volunteers. His drooping head sinks into the red collar of his blue coat, and his cocked-hat, set square to the front, hangs to his very chest. They advance up the house, the centre figure tottering rather than walking. Deep sorrow or death-sickness is plainly on him. The members and the galleries rise, uncovered, to receive him. He stands still, and at length raising himself to his full height, like a king amid a mob, rolls around his eyes, flashing with scorn, and wrath, and pride. One wild cheer bursts from the opposition. They see his pale, piercing face turned in contemptuous hate upon his enemies.—'Tis HENRY GRATTAN.

He came in sickness and sorrow to Ireland, — a nation, soon to be a nation no more. The night previous he was returned for Wicklow, against the trickery of government. Mr. Tighe, who had managed the election, immediately rode off to Dublin, and at five o'clock in the morning knocked at Grattan's door, in Baggot street. When Grattan heard of the arrival, he asked in agony, "Will they not let me die in peace?" Mrs. Grattan told him "he must get up immediately, and go down to the House." She dressed him, and helped him down stairs. He went into his study, loaded his pistols, and put them in his pocket. Then rolling himself in a blanket, he was placed in a sedan chair, and borne to the scene of his former pride, to chant the *caione* over the grave of a nation.

As that sedan, with its half-dead burthen, was borne away into the hazy distance, one still remained in the door looking after it. It was his glorious wife, — "uncertain whether she should ever see him again." She sent him to meet the duellist, — mayhap, the assassin. A friend came soon to assure her that — in the event of a personal quarrel — others would take the part of Grattan. "My husband," she cried, with all the soul of a Geraldine, "my husband cannot die better than in defence of his country."

And so he went to meet his fate, whatever it might have been.

Bully Egan at length subsided. The old lion rose, and essayed to speak. He could not; his strength had failed him. He asked leave to address the House sitting. It was granted. Then rolled forth of those pale, quivering, lips a strain of oratory unheard for many a day. For two long hours it rolled, and the heart of the patriot rose again, as all his powers burst forth afresh. He ran through the whole question, rousing his friends, dismaying his opponents,—not so much by his arguments as by this vigorous proof that he was himself again. Cheer on cheer shook the opposition; and the orator ended a stronger, stouter man.

Corry replied, and began that personal attack which Grattan, this time, barely noticed.

The amendment was lost; but the return of Grattan, and the display of his unbroken mind, was as cheering to the nation as a victory.

He gathered his friends around him. But their conduct during the insurrection had divested most of them of popular support. Still the capital was all with him. It, like Marie Antoinette, as Flood said, had songs enough made to the name of Grattan.

The struggle freshened.

On the 5th of February Lord Castlereagh delivered to the House a message from the Lord Lieutenant, recommending the Union. The opposition fought well; but, notwithstanding one of Grattan's most heart-stirring appeals, England conquered. "The question is not," said he, "such as occupied you of old; not old Poyning's, nor peculation, nor plunder,—not an embargo, not a Catholic Bill, not a Reform Bill; it is your being,—it is more, it is your life to come. Whether you will go, with the Castle at your head, to the tomb of Charlemont and the Volunteers, and erase *his* epitaph,—or whether your children shall go to *your* graves, saying a venal military court attacked the liberties of the Irish, and here lie the bones of the honorable dead men who saved their country!—such an epitaph is an epitaph which the king cannot give his slaves; it is a glory which the crown cannot give the king."

Mr. Corry, a hireling of the Castle, set on by that order which pointed at personal victims and appointed a bravo, renewed his attack. Grattan could not then reply to it.

But the time was coming.

'Twas the night of the 17th of February. The articles of the felon Union were in committee of the whole House, and Corry was doing his bravo duty, when Grattan entered. The latter took his seat by Foster, exclaiming,

“I see they wish to make an attack on my life, and the sooner the better.”

The attack went on. A forged report from the secret committee was the weapon. At last it ended.

Then up rose the orator-king. His sharp, cutting features,—his flashing eye and Sybilline manner, spoke the contortions of his soul. Then rang out, in the hall of his glories, such a scathing, withering *siroc*, as never, even when Flood was the victim, was heard from mortal lips. He turned from Corry to the Castle, and still he was felt. The invective is long; we give portions of it:—

“The right honorable gentleman has called me ‘an unimpeached traitor.’ I ask, why not ‘traitor,’ unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.” * * * *

“The right honorable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavored to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for those of a parasite and pander. He fled from

the labor of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lord's parlor a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the Four Courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients." * * * * *

"At the emancipation of Ireland, in 1782, I took a leading part in the foundation of that constitution which is now endeavored to be destroyed. Of that constitution I was the author; in that constitution I glory; and for it the honorable gentleman should bestow praise, not invent calumny. Notwithstanding my weak state of body, I come to give my last testimony against this Union, so fatal to the liberties and interest of my country. I come to make common cause with these honorable and virtuous gentlemen around me; to try and save the constitution, or, if not save the constitution, at least to save our characters, and remove from our graves the foul disgrace of standing apart while a deadly blow is aimed at the independence of our country.

"The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion; and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel; on the other, the camp of the minister, a greater traitor than that rebel. The stronghold of the constitution was nowhere to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel; I could not join the government; I could not join torture; I could not join half-hanging; I could not join free-quarter; I could take part with neither. I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be

active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

“Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me. I respect their opinions; but I keep my own: and I think now, as I thought then, *that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.*

“I have returned not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt; they are seditious; and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial: I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.”

Such was that magnificent invective, upon which, amid the Union horrors, it is still glorious to look. Better in manner, matter, and subject,—more justified, more destructive, than that against Flood,—it stands alone, a giant weapon of the insulted genius of an insulted country. 'Twas a man spoke it. 'Twas a nation felt it.

He sat down, that orator-king, for an instant only; then rising, he passed out, that the Castle bravoës might meet him if they durst. For his roar was like the lion's, and such was his heart. As he passed out he seized Plunket's hand, and squeezed it like a man who could grasp—more than that. "That affair," Plunket used to say, "was more conducive to his health than the medicine of all his doctors." Ah! yes, my friends, the native element of a great soul is passion. Grattan disgorged that night the cankering hate of years.

Next morning, by the Dodder bank, on the green sward of the classic "Brook," there was a cheering crowd. They too had songs to the name of Grattan. He, the orator, stands in the midst with "pistol and cocked trigger." Some paces in his front stands the Castle bravo, Corry.

Suddenly there is a cry of "sheriff." The combatants run. Corry's second, General Craddock, throws the sheriff into a ditch, and keeps him there. The duellists are placed, and fire. Corry is wounded,—Grattan unhurt.

They load again. Grattan fires in the air. Corry discharges his weapon, and falls bleeding to the earth.

Years rolled by,—some ten of them. One morning, a broken, downcast, sickly man,

knocked at the hall-door of a house in Brighton. The inhabitants seemed unwilling to admit him. He knockèd again and again, but still the door was closed,—he was refused admittance. By and by it opened, however, and a little old man stood on the door step. The two looked face to face,—they were Henry Grattan and Isaac Corry.

The injured stretched out his noble hand, and grasped the other's warmly. Corry was deeply affected. Grattan's kindness "stabbed him to the heart." He dragged his tottering limbs away, and tumbled into his grave.

And so peace be with him. He was a brave rascal with a reversionary conscience.

Meantime the grave of provincialism was closing over the Irish nation. Listen, and ye shall hear the first clods rumbling on the coffin.

The House of Lords agreed to the articles of Union. The Commons voted the second reading. "Yet," exclaimed Grattan, "I do not give up the country; I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:—

'Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.'

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I

will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind, I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

His melancholy heroism was soon tested. The act of national suicide passed through committee. Grattan and his friends, having nobly fought the last inch of ground, retired, "with safe consciences, but with breaking hearts."

On the ensuing 1st of August, the Irish were a nation no more.

NO MORE! said we so? Wrongly then. No! my friends, the nationality of Ireland has not perished for ever. It is in you to make her a nation again,—to fit her for the grave of that great original man, whose devotion to her fall we have just seen. His bones lie in the Saxon's land, among the *spolia opima* of the Irish conquest. They are dear to us as the relics of our nationhood,—dear to us as the relics of her Empire were to France, when she carried them from that rock-jail in the Atlantic. Oh! bring back the bones of the patriot to the old land he loved and served so well; but bury them not,—not amid the rottenness of slaves.

GRATTAN'S ANSWER

TO

A PAMPHLET OF LORD CLARE.

To the Printer.

I HAVE seen a pamphlet, purporting to be written on the Union, and published in the name of the Earl of Clare. The speech of the noble earl, delivered in the House of Lords, I have nothing to say to; but a publication is not a speech, and, though it be the work of a member of Parliament, has no privilege. Whether his lordship be the author, I have no authority, save the assumption of the publication, to affirm; but the pamphlet contains, against several with whom I have acted, charges the most direct, and against myself, for the last twenty years, charges the least qualified, and insinuations the most deep. What is yet worse, it tends to lower the character of the country, and to tarnish the brightest pages of her history, as well as the memories of the persons concerned in those transactions. Matter so various and comprehensive, could not be regularly discussed in any debate that has come, or

is likely to come, before the House of Commons. In the interval of business, I therefore resort to the only method of defence, — the press.

H. GRATTAN.

Mr. Grattan will take no notice of any answer, except one coming from the author of the pamphlet.

Dublin, April, 1800.

Of the work which it is proposed to answer, nearly one-third is the common-place of Irish history. Much of abridgement, much of misrepresentation, no new discovery, no new remark; the termini, or land-marks of historic knowledge, remain precisely as they were, in their old sober station. What was long known before by many men, by many women, and by many children, the compendium of the studies of your childhood, this pamphlet reports to you, for the amusement of your age, without any other novelty, save that of misrepresentation. The idea is to make your history a calumny against your ancestors, in order to disfranchise your posterity; the execution is without the temper of a commentator, or the knowledge of an historian.

We will begin with this performance, at the Irish Parliament of James I. The author is now within one hundred and eighty-seven years of his subject. Ireland, says he, had no parliamentary constitution till that time. Here his pages only deserve attention, in order to vindicate the lineage of our liberties against slander. This statement is a traduction of the inheritance of the

realm, a calumny against her antiquities, and a falsification of her title. Lord Coke, the judges of England, the records of Ireland, the *modus tenendi parliamentum*, the statute-book, the extent of acts of parliament before the reign of James throughout the realm, and the act of annexation among others, answer him. From all those you find, that Ireland had a parliament from the beginning, and that the legislature was not of the Pale, but of the nation.*

The boldness of this assertion is rendered the more remarkable by the distinguished feebleness of its reasoning. The pamphlet attempts to prove that to be true in argument which is false in fact; and its argument is, that James I. generalized Irish representation by forty private boroughs, that is, that he rendered representation general, by making it particular. It teaches you to think, that it was James instead of Elizabeth who created the seventeen counties, and that he did not create the forty boroughs, by him erected to counteract that county representation, in order to pack a parliament. It conceives that the legislature was not general, because the representation was not so. It should have said, that the legislature being general, the representation ought to be so. It discovers two ideas of a new and extraordinary nature on this subject, that parliament is confined by the bounds of representation, and that national representation is

* See the speech of Mr. Hutchinson (late Secretary of State) on the subject of parliamentary reform, in the parliamentary debates of 1793. It is a complete answer to the pamphlet on this part of the subject.

extended by the creation of private boroughs. And for this paradoxical idea of parliament, and this paradoxical idea of representation, it offers you nothing like extent of erudition, or force of imagination; it is dull error. The art of modern war, says the pamphlet, is to traduce the house of Stuart; the art of modern court loyalty, he might have added, is to praise the principle of the Stuart, and to plant it in the house of Hanover.

The pamphlet now comes to its own times, and it is to be remarked that, as it dwelt on the past with all the fury and prejudices of the present time, so it expatiates on the present with as much error and mistake, as if it were treating of the remotest antiquity. It states the adjustment of 1782 to be described by its author as follows: "that it emanated from the armed convention assembled at Dungannon, was approved at county meetings of the people, armed and unarmed, and was sanctioned and registered by the Irish Parliament."* No such thing, nor anything like it, did its author say, nor suggest, nor hint; and this statement of the pamphlet is not misrepresentation, nor misinterpretation, but palpable invention; did not the pamphlet assume the name of a judicial character, I would say, downright falsehood. I respect and admire the meeting at Dungannon, but the subjects of 1782 did not emanate from thence; two years before were they discussed in Parliament; they were

* No such statement is to be found in any of Mr. Grattan's speeches.

discussed on the 19th of April, 1780, on a motion made by myself; and in the course of that session, and of the next session, repeatedly and fully. They were adopted by different counties, and various descriptions of men, and they finally passed the parliament. Such is the history; the pamphlet falsifies the history, to blemish a great transaction, and attributes that falsification to me in order to blemish an individual.

We follow the work where it will be, perhaps, more fortunate. It objects, on the question of the claim of right, to the declarations of the Volunteers. Their character now, it seems, it professes to admire; their conduct, however (this was the most leading part of the conduct of the old Volunteers), it condemns; the inconsistency of setting up a character, and putting down a conduct, is glaring; but, in a work pregnant with everything which is exceptionable, hardly deserves notice. But will any man seriously say, that those bodies should not have come forward at that time with resolutions in favor of a claim of right? Does any man mean to affirm, that we could have established that claim without them? Does any man mean to say, that the claim did not deserve to be established? If so, he is a slave; and in neither case does he deserve an answer. To have countenanced resolutions essential to the establishment of your constitution, and to have opposed any further interference, when that constitution was established, was the duty and the pride of them by whom the business of 1782 was conducted. By the first step they procured the constitution; by

the second they saved the government; and in both they deserved well of their country, and are placed far above the reach of the author of this little performance, its little censure, or its little panegyric. We thought, that at that time, as in the period of *Magna Charta*, armed men might make declarations to recover liberty; and having recovered it, we thought they secured their glory as well as their freedom, by retiring to cultivate the blessings of peace.

The pamphlet has further objections; it condemns the expedition with which the claim of right was established; it calls for discussion, and delay; to do what? To debate whether the English Parliament had a right to make laws for Ireland? Whether the privy councils in both countries should alter your bills? Or whether the Mutiny Bill should be perpetual? Why, for the two preceding years, these subjects had been, and little other than these subjects had been, debated. The pamphlet has proved to you, however, the necessity of expedition, by its argument for delay; for it explains to you that we were to delay the question, in order to sell it; that is, in order to diminish, clog, and condition your claim of right. You were to delay, the pamphlet explains, in order to preserve to the Parliament of England, over this country, a share of legislative power; and the pamphlet administers additional arguments against its project of delay, by showing you that the Viceroy of that time was intriguing against your favorite measures; and it gives you still further arguments against delay,

by suggesting that there were certain gentlemen at that time, who would not with their lives have supported their liberties; it might have added, nor with their votes. Perfectly well do we understand the author; and this pamphlet might have added, with peculiar authority, that there were certain young gentlemen at that time ready to barter honor for office, and liberty for chains. It was therefore we did not listen to the idea of delay; we did not choose to set up the inheritance of the people of Ireland to auction; we were applied to for delay, and we refused it; we thought the 16th of April was the day of the Irish nation, and we were determined not to lay our heads on the pillow until we could say, *This day Ireland has obtained a victory.*

Seeing, then, that the constitution was established without delay, or barter, or auction, the pamphlet does not despair; it has a cure, viz., corruption; it does not indeed set forth corruption in words, but it does amply and broadly in idea.

The expressions are these: "The only security for national concurrence is a permanent and commanding influence of the English executive, or rather English cabinet, in the councils of Ireland." By councils of Ireland it means, and professes to mean, nothing less than the Parliament. Here is the necessary substitute, it seems, for the British Parliament, — here is the half million, — here is the dependency of the Irish Parliament avowed as a principle; here breaks out the taint and sore of that system, whose rankness the pamphlet seems to have deeply

inhaled, and with whose political incense it now deigns to regale our nostrils and its own; here is acknowledged the truth of the complaint of the opposition, namely, that the British minister, some years after the settlement of 1782, wished, through his agents here, to filch back our constitution of 1782, so honorably and nobly obtained, and to resume by fraud what had been obtained by treaty. In vain shall a minister come forth in sounding words, such as national concurrence or national connexion, and wrap himself up in the threadbare coat of zeal for empire, to stab his country to the heart; such arguments are not to be answered but punished, and when any man shall avow that he has no idea of governing in this country, without rendering her parliament, by the means of influence, perfectly dependant on Great Britain, he avows not his profligacy only, but his incapacity also. Such a minister could not govern without corruption; he could not govern with it; he might indeed begin by attempts to pack a parliament, but he will conclude by rebellion.

To return to the pamphlet. On the subject of the claim of right, the author seems to have three parental ideas: first, that the Volunteers should have made no declaration on the subject; secondly, that the question should have been left open to delay; and, thirdly, that the British cabinet should succeed to the power of the British Parliament. By the first plan the constitution had been lost; by the second sold; and by the third corrupted. We follow the pamphlet. It states that "the adjustment of 1782 was described

by the author of it as follows:” then he introduces a description which certainly was given by its author, but which was not a description of the adjustment of the parliament of 1782, but of a parliament that sat one hundred and eighty-seven years ago, and which was assembled by James I. in the year of our Lord 1613.. Here again is that of which we have so often reason to complain in this work,—fabrication. True it is, that the boroughs created by James I. have had their effect on posterity; and true it is, that those boroughs continue to send members to parliament. So far the parliaments of 1782 and 1613 had a similitude; but it is not true that the parliament of 1782 was a packed parliament like that of 1613; it is not true that the representatives of the boroughs were either attorneys’ clerks or the servants of the Castle, as in 1613; nor is it true that the boroughs of 1782 resembled those created by James in 1613; and so far the two parliaments have no similitude. Mr. Burke, speaking to me of some country that had prospered under a constitution consisting of three estates, but estates defectively formed, observed, “that it was of the nature of a constitution so formed as ours, however clumsy the constituent parts, when set together in action, ultimately to act well.” So of that in question. The boroughs, in a course of time, ceased to be under the influence of the king, and the constitution took root in the people; the crown became dependant for supply on the parliament, and the parliament, by the octennial bill, became more intimately connected with the country; but

however altered, depurated, and naturalized, this borough system was an evil still: in 1613 it was court ascendancy, — it was corruption; in 1800 it may be union. We follow the work. It affirms that the rivals of Mr. Flood had agreed, in 1782, to support a draft of a clandestine bill, or treaty, for imperial legislation, which the pamphlet describes, and adds that they sacrificed to flimsy and corrupt popularity the peace of ages, etc., etc. Here are two assertions which I do affirm publicly, and in the most unqualified manner, contain not one syllable, or tittle, or shadow of fact; the two assertions are wholly and most absolutely destitute of truth. The author of the pamphlet is called upon to support and to defend them; he has access to the Duke of Portland, and to many of the cabinet of 1782, in both countries, and to the official and unofficial agents of that time.

We have seen with what regard for truth the pamphlet asserts, — we will now see with what justice it reasons; and certainly its falter in fact must prejudice its authority in logic. It denies the settlement of 1782 to have been final; the words of the settlement are as follows: “His Majesty recommends it to take into consideration the discontents and jealousies prevailing in Ireland, in order to come to such a *final* adjustment as may give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms.”—See his message to the respective parliaments. Parliament declares, “that no body of men whatever has any right to make laws for Ireland, save only the King, Lords, and Commons thereof; that this is the birthright of the

people, in which the essence of their liberty exists, and which we cannot surrender but with our lives."—See address of the Irish Commons, 16th of April. "His Majesty has recommended the subject to his parliaments of both kingdoms, trusting that their wisdom will recommend such measures as may terminate in a *final* adjustment."—See His Majesty's answer. "The British legislature has concurred in a resolution to remove the causes of your discontents and jealousies: the intention of the King, and willingness of the British Parliament come unaccompanied with *any stipulation or condition whatever*."—See the Duke of Portland's speech, 27th May. "We conceive the resolution for an unqualified, unconditional repeal of the 6th George I. to be a measure of justice and wisdom, worthy of the British Parliament, and furnishing a perpetual pledge of mutual amity; gratified in these particulars, *no constitutional question will exist* between the two countries to interrupt their harmony."—See Irish Common's answer, 27th May. "We rejoice that the name of Portland will be handed down as blended with a *full and perfect* establishment of the constitution of Ireland."—See Commons' address to his Excellency same day. "His Majesty assures his Commons of his affectionate acceptance of their acknowledgments of His Majesty's and the British Parliament's attention to their representation, and which they so justly consider as furnishing a *perpetual* pledge of mutual amity. The declaration that *no constitutional questions* between the two nations will any

longer exist that can interrupt their harmony, is very pleasing to him." — See the King's answer to Irish address of 27th May. "We have seen this great national arrangement established on a basis which secures the tranquility of Ireland, and unites the affections as well as the interests of both kingdoms." — See Commons' address at the close of the session of 1782. "Convince the people of your several counties that the two kingdoms are now inseparably one, indissolubly connected in unity of constitution and unity of interest; that every just cause of jealousy is removed; *that the two nations have pledged their faith, and their best security will be an adherence to that compact.*" — See the second speech of the Lord Lieutenant at the close of the session and the adjustment.

Here is the record: the pamphlet proposes to do away the force of record by the force of intrigue, and to set up a private correspondence of the then Lord Lieutenant against a public act. It produces an intrigue carried on with a view to clog the settlement, as sufficient not to condition or interpret, but to overhaul and upset it. It does not make the covenant conclusive on the insincerity of the viceroy, but the insincerity of the viceroy conclusive against the covenant, as if it were possible to construe away the obligation of a deed of trust by a private protest of the trustee, or as if treaties between two nations were to be set aside by the private letter of the envoy. It goes further, it gives the private intrigue an extent which the intrigue itself never affected; it makes the

correspondence, containing a wish pending the adjustment and before its conclusion, to condition the Irish claim of right, tantamount to a public protest purporting to render it final in nothing. The pamphlet states, "that all the parties looked on the adjustment of 1782 as leading to a future political treaty."

The author is ignorant of the sentiments of the parties, as well as of the nature of the treaty. Thus Mr. Fox's sentiments the pamphlet has misrepresented; he (Mr. Fox) has declared, that he wished to make the best terms he could for Great Britain; but, as Ireland would not condition her independence, he gave up the second proposition. It has misstated the sentiments of General Fitzpatrick; *he* declares that he was totally ignorant of the despatch of the Duke of Portland, and that he had, at the very time, assured the Irish Parliament, in the name of the government which he then represented, that no further measure was intended. He has misstated Mr. Grattan's sentiments, who publicly declares that every part of the assertion, as far as relates to him, is totally unfounded, without a shadow of color or pretence; and calls on the author to support his assertions. But I think I could quote *another* authority against this pamphlet; it is another pamphlet in the name of the same author, published in 1798; which charges the people of Ireland, and the opposition, with a breach of faith in agitating certain political and commercial questions, after the kingdom had come to a final settlement with England, "a settlement so complete and satisfactory as

to render a revival of political or constitutional controversies utterly impossible."

That pamphlet accordingly quotes the address of 1782, declaring that all constitutional questions between the two countries should cease; and it extends the word *constitutional* to mean all *commercial* questions; and it extends the words *between the two nations* to mean questions *between the administration and the country*. This interpretation, by the pamphlet of 1798, was as extravagant as the *opposite* interpretation by the pamphlet of 1800, in the name of the same author. The author is *there* made to differ from Mr. Pitt, and to say that the adjustment went to everything; and the author is *here* made to differ from himself, which is much less suprising, and to say that the adjustment extended to nothing. But here I must observe, that it is the argument only that is inconsistent, the sentiment is perfectly uniform; it advanced covenant against national redress, and it now advances the will of the minister against covenant. Thus has this pamphlet, on the subject of a national treaty, expatiated with extraordinary vehemence and confidence, without knowing its purport, without knowing who were the parties, without knowing who should be the parties, without knowing what were the sentiments of the parties; in direct contradiction to the sentiments of the principal agents, and to the spoken, written, and printed opinion of the alleged author of the publication.

We follow the work. Having denied a covenant which did exist, it fabricates a covenant

which never had any existence whatsoever; it asserts (p. 47) that an alliance, offensive and defensive, was formed by certain parties, in both countries, to play the independence of Ireland against their antagonists. Secondly, it affirms the principal object of that alliance to be, to guard against any settlement which might cut off the sources of jealousy and discontent between the two nations. I do aver, in the most solemn, public, and unqualified manner, that there is not the least foundation, color, or pretence for either of those assertions; and it is with great pain I feel myself forced to declare, that they are absolutely and wholly destitute of any foundation, in fact or in truth. I refer to these facts.

Immediately after the settlement of 1782, the English part of this pretended alliance went into opposition; the Irish part of this pretended alliance, till 1785, supported the government, and some of them for years after; the English part of this pretended alliance opposed the French treaty; the Irish part supported it; some of the English part of this pretended alliance opposed the war, the Irish part supported it. Here then is a public proof of the falsehood of the first position. We are furnished with further means of falsifying the second.

The original propositions that passed the Irish Parliament in 1785 were that very settlement which the pamphlet describes; that is, a settlement purporting to cut off the sources of any remaining discontents and jealousies between the two nations, and they had our warmest support. So that the pamphlet has been so indiscreet and

ill advised as to advance and affirm two criminal charges positively and publicly, having, within reach of the author's knowledge, certain facts, proving the falsehood of those very charges, at the very time that he so injudiciously advanced them.

* The author is called upon to support them; he must have access to the Duke of Portland, to Mr. Pelham, and to many of those who must have been parties in this pretended alliance. They are not our friends, — they are his.

The work proceeds to state, but not to state fairly or fully, the propositions; and I cannot but again observe that these frequent mistakes in fact must create a prejudice against its logic. The best way of answering misrepresentation is by reciting the fact. The original ten propositions were formed with the consent of the British cabinet; they were the work (at least the first nine), as I understand, of a gentleman of this country, and they showed, in their ability and their compass, the hand of a master. A tenth was added, which stipulated for revenue to be given by this country to Great Britain; that tenth was altered in the cabinet in Ireland, and divided into two resolutions: the first declaring that no Irish revenue should be given to England until all Irish charges were previously satisfied; the second, that the Irish revenue should be raised to the Irish expenses. The Irish ministry took the new revenue, and the English Parliament altered the original propositions. Pending these alterations, some members of our House spoke on the subject, and

pledged themselves that they should, on the return of the propositions, give them opposition, in case they should be altered, even in an iota. I recollect Mr. Foster speaking to that point,— he did not so pledge himself; but I perfectly recollect that the then Attorney-General did: the pamphlet has given reasons for the inconsistency of his sentiments; give me leave to justify the uniformity of mine. The bill, founded on the altered propositions, departed from the original ones in the following particulars: it stipulated for a perpetual revenue-bill; it stipulated, in certain leading and essential matters, for a covenant of referential legislation; it included, in that covenant, four articles of American commerce; it stipulated for the reduction of our duties of protection, on cotton among others; and it gave us nothing in substance but the reëxport trade, which we have gotten without it. To the public it is sufficient to say so much, to the pamphlet it is unnecessary to say anything; but when that pamphlet calls opposition to those altered propositions, a breach with England, and a sacrifice of common interest on the altar of faction, the author should be reminded that the person whose name it assumes had pledged himself to oppose those altered propositions; that is, according to the pamphlet, to cause that breach with England, and to make that sacrifice on the altar of faction; and also, that a great part of the present cabinet of England did actually execute what the pamphlet calls a breach with England, and sacrificed the common interest on the altar of

faction, — Lord Auckland, the Duke of Portland, and most of his connexions. But we stand in need of no authorities; did we, I should quote Mr. Denis Daly, the then muster-master, who declared he could not support the altered propositions. The truth is, the opposition to the bill which comprehended them was no breach with England; however there might, indeed, mix in the debate an offensive disposition to contrast the two nations; but we must always distinguish between the nature of the question itself, and the craft of the expectant flattering the court of England by reviling his own country for his private advantage.

We follow the pamphlet to the regency, and here its charge against the country is not her conduct but her power. The pamphlet reprobrates the right of Ireland to choose a regent; now, she is not responsible for the right, but the exercise of it, and we have shown that she exercised that right for the preservation of the monarchy and the connexion. The pamphlet states the power of choice to be tantamount to a power of separation. But who gave that power? It was the law. And who displayed that power? The minister. It was he who stated, that the two houses of parliament, in case of regal incapacity, could supply the deficiency exactly as they thought proper, when a servant of government here maintained that the houses of the British parliament could do no more, and could provide for the deficiency in Ireland as well as in England, that is to say, could republicanize both countries. He did not

make our situation better, nor give any great security to the monarchy or the constitution.

The pamphlet asserts, that if the proceedings of our parliament could have any effect, we were separated for some weeks from England. Now, if we were separated for an hour, it was not by the proceedings of parliament, that is to say, by the address to the Prince, which never had effect, but by the indisposition of his Majesty, which had effect, and which alone had effect to suspend the royal function, and, of course, the only connecting power of the two countries.

The pamphlet, having confounded the proceedings of parliament with causes which parliament found but did not produce, proceeds to a gross misrepresentation of concomitant circumstances. It charges on the parliament the crime of expedition, but it does not state the cause of it. One cause was the sedition of the Irish minister. That ministry apprehended dismissal, and were forming an opposition. The then representative of majesty in Ireland was supposed to be employed at that time in canvassing for a party against the future government, with the king's commission in his pocket. Thus, his Royal Highness would have been a regent in chains, with a court in mutiny.

The pamphlet charges the Commons at that time with disrespect to the king, marked by the limitation of the supply. The fact is true, but it is not true as the pamphlet states it; the Commons abridged the grant of the supply, because the king's minister in Ireland could not be trusted, and he could not be trusted for the following

reasons: Because he had declared he would make certain members of parliament victims of their votes; because he had censured the parliament, and the parliament had censured him; and, because one of his servants had pronounced in parliament the necessity of resorting to the rankest corruption. It was for these reasons that parliament did not think proper to trust either with the revenues of the country.

The pamphlet asserts, that the Irish parliament proceeded without a tittle of evidence; it is not the fact. The pamphlet, indeed, acknowledges that its own charge is not true, by making another, namely, that the House of Commons did not attend to the evidence. Here it is as deficient in candor as before in fact. The case was, that the report of the physician, regarding the state of his Majesty's health, had appeared before in every paper; it was a subject too interesting and too melancholy not to be perfectly known, and was read in the house *pro forma*. On this part of the subject the pamphlet is, in an eminent degree, indecorous and licentious, when it speaks of the House of Commons; nor is it less so when it speaks of the persons concerned in the proceedings of that time, as of a set of men who had accomplished a breach between Great Britain and Ireland, and had committed (I think the words of the charge are) *enormities*. The persons guilty of those enormities were some of the present servants of the crown, a majority of two houses of parliament, several bishops, a great part of the present cabinet of England, the Duke of Portland

and his party, Lord Spencer, who was to have been lord lieutenant, and Mr. Pelham, who was to have been his secretary; were it not presumptuous, I might ascend much higher.

An alliance to play against England the independency of Ireland, whose basis was to prevent measures of concord; a breach made between the two countries in 1785, and now their enormities in the address on the regency, are charges against the Duke of Portland's party very unfounded and very puerile, but made with great boldness by the author, who seems to enjoy a genius for crimination, which, in its extent and extravagance, becomes harmless. The pamphlet charges on that period much indecorum. I do lament it. "You have set up a little king of your own," said a principal servant of the Crown, speaking to the House of Commons, and talking of his prince with the vulgar familiarity with which a pert barrister would salute his fellow. "Half a million, or more, was expended some years ago to break an opposition; the same, or a greater sum, may be necessary now." So said the principal servant of the Crown. The House heard him; I heard him; he said it, standing on his legs, to an astonished House, and an indignant nation, and he said so in the most extensive sense of bribery and corruption. The threat was proceeded on, the peerage was sold, the caitiffs of corruption were everywhere; in the lobby, in the street, on the steps, and at the door of every parliamentary leader, whose thresholds were worn by the members of the then administration, offering titles to some, amnesty to

others, and corruption to all. Hence arose the discontents of which the pamphlet complains; against such proceedings, and the profligate avowal of such proceedings, against the consequences that followed—they were many and bloody—we did then, and we beg now, to enter once more our solemn protest.

Could that nation who had refused to obey the legislative power of the British Parliament, who had armed for her defence and her freedom, who had recovered her trade, reinstated her constitution, and acquired a great, and, it shall not be my fault if it be not, an immortal name, —could they, who had taken a part for that nation, in all her glorious acquisitions, —could the nation, or such men, could both forget themselves, and support a rank instrument of power, and become its little comrade and its copander in its dirty doings, in the sale of the peerage, its conspiracies against parliament, and its vile and vulgar abuse of the people.

A pamphlet of 1798, published in the name of the same author, is pleased to mention, that the experiment of conciliation had been fully and abundantly tried; and it particularly instances the acknowledgment of our parliamentary constitution. It was an experiment, magnanimous on the part of Great Britain, and her then minister, and we ought to take this public opportunity of making acknowledgments to both; but we must lament that their noble purposes were counteracted, and their wise experiment betrayed by a calamitous ascendancy in the Irish cabinet, from 1789, of the above councils, at

once servile and insolent, who had opposed the establishment of the Irish constitution; and scarce were they placed in power when they planned its overthrow, set up a counter experiment or conspiracy, to undo what England thought she had recognized, and Ireland thought she had secured,—that very parliamentary constitution, our bond of connexion and pledge of peace,—and took two methods to accomplish their crime, both of which they proclaimed with much public immodesty, but without danger; a project to pack a parliament and a project to abolish it.

We follow the work: it complains of the Whig club; the minister was the author of it; his doctrine, and his half-million, were the authors of it. But clubs of this kind are only preserved by violence: that violence did happen; an attack was made on the rights of the city; a doctrine was promulgated by the same person, that the common council had no right to put a negative on the lord mayor, chosen by the board itself of aldermen, except the board should assent to the negative put on its own choice. This doctrine was advanced by the court, to secure the election of the mayor to itself. In the course of the contest a minister involved himself in a personal altercation with the citizens: with Mr. Tandy he had carried on a long war, and with various success; he was now involved in an altercation more general, in the compass of his wrath and his scurrility; he paid his compliments to the Whig club, and that club advanced the shield of a free people over the rights of the city, and

humbled a little minister in the presence of those citizens whose privileges he had invaded, and whose persons he had calumniated. The pamphlet charges the club with a crime on account of a publication on the subject of the poor, pending a probable invasion, — idle charge! At this time of a probable invasion, is a society formed for the very purpose of investigating their condition, with some of the officers of state, and several clergy, at its head. At such a time did some of the English clergy publish treatises, proving that the peasantry could not live by their labor. Did the author read a very learned pamphlet in favor of the Union, published by Mr. Douglass, at a time of apprehended invasion, recommending union as the best means of relieving the lower order from the oppression of the rich? And then he quotes Adam Smith. Did the author read Mr. Pitt's pamphlet, published pending an apprehended invasion, and condoling with the peasantry of Ireland, on the great *practical grievance* of tithes? But, to have done with such trifling, we follow the work to its charge against the propounders of the reform plan of 1797; the work sets forth two plans, that of those gentlemen, and that of the United Irishmen: they differ in the following essentials: The plan of the former left the counties as they are, the former did not propose to annualize parliament; the former rejected the idea of personal representation; the former did not propose to abolish the oath taken by the elector. What then did the former do? It destroyed boroughs, and it proposed to supply their place by the

present freemen and freeholders, that is, by those whom the law calls the Commons; it created no new constituency, but it did what every plan of reform professes to emulate; it gave representation to the constituency, that is, to the Commons in the place of the monopolist. When I say it made no new constituency, I beg to make an exception: it introduced in the place of the potwalloper, as he is termed, substantial leaseholders and substantial householders; that is, it gave property more weight, and population distinct from property, less weight. On the whole, it took away the monopolist and the potwalloping rabble, and communicated the representation of the kingdom to the proprietors thereof, as constituted its electors by law, or as entitled to become such by a property greater than the law had required.

The effect of this plan had been to prevent an union. If we are to advert to the evidence of the prisoner examined by the Houses of Parliament, it had been to prevent a rebellion, and to break off a French connexion. When the pamphlet sets forth, that Mr. O'Connor, etc.,* approved of this plan, it should have stated the

* The author is pleased to term Mr. O'Connor our *unreserved* friend. In his manifesto, showed to the Irish government for permission to publish, Mr. O'Connor sets forth, that, save only on the question of reform, he had no communication with us of any kind whatever; that manifesto must have been read by the author of the pamphlet, who thus makes another charge he should have known to be groundless, and which he is now called on to maintain. We do not call for legal evidence but if the author has any evidence at all, such as would convince an honest man of the truth of any of those charges, or justify an honest man in making them, he is called upon and requested to produce that evidence.

whole truth, or have stated nothing; it has done neither. It has suppressed their declaration, which was, that, had that plan taken place, they would have broken off their connexion with France.

Neither the history of that reform, nor the history of any public measure, does the writer set forth. A plan of reform had been proposed in 1793, and debated in 1794. It was objected first, that the plan did not give satisfaction; in that the most vehement partizans of parliamentary reform had signified their disapprobation; secondly, that the plan opened the way to another plan, or to the project of personal representation. It became highly expedient, before any other plan was submitted to the consideration of parliament, to be able to assure that august body, that such plan would give general satisfaction, and put an end to the project of personal representation. The persons concerned in forming that plan did accordingly obtain from the north of Ireland, and, moreover, from the advocates of personal representation, authority to declare in parliament, that if the plan of 1797 should pass, they would rest satisfied. If a further answer to the author be necessary, it is his own avowal of his own principle, viz., that no Irish representation at all is necessary, and that he should be satisfied to be governed by the English parliament, without a single representative. With such a person I shall no further discuss the subject of representation. He is, in his own person, an argument for reform. What! the man of the half-million!

We follow the work to the Catholic question. It is pleased to quote me as follows: "Let me advise you by no means to postpone the consideration of your fortunes till after the war, your physical consequence exists in a state of *separation from England*," etc. I am extremely sorry to be obliged to declare again what I have been compelled to do so often: that this paragraph, published as mine by the author of the pamphlet, is not misinterpretation, but *palpable fabrication*. I never said, nor published, that the physical consequence of any part of His Majesty's subjects existed in a state of separation from England, nor anything that would warrant that interpretation; but I did say the reverse; that as our domestic security consisted in concord with another, so our security, against an invader from abroad, depended on our connexion with Great Britain. On this expression, then, boldly attributed to me, but which I never delivered, the author founds two charges, as destitute of truth as the foundation on which they rest; a charge of revolution and jacobinism. The author, in a production sanctioned by his name, in one of the public papers, is made to say that a certain party had resorted to the Catholic bill as a new subject of discontent, after the place and pension bill had been conceded. Here again I am forced to lament the necessity of declaring, that this assertion also is totally and absolutely destitute of foundation; and I will prove its departure from the fact by the proceedings of parliament. The first Catholic bill after that of 1782 was passed in 1792;

the second was early in the session of 1793; and the place and pension bill did not pass till the close of it, so that the *refutation* of the charge appears on the rolls of parliament. As to the last Catholic bill, they to whom he alludes did not resort to it as a new subject of discontent to annoy the government, being at that time themselves the administration; it follows, there is an arithmetic and moral impossibility of the truth of this charge of the author. I beg indulgence, in addition to state a few facts. The Catholics were not excited to come forward by an opposition; they were induced to come forward by Mr. Mitford's bill in 1791. They came at the latter end of the session of that year to some of our party, myself among others, to know whether we should not advise them to petition parliament for further indulgences. My answer was, "I am your friend, but go to the secretary and consult him; do not narrow your cause to the fate of an opposition and a minority. I give this advice as a friend to your body." In the winter of 1791 I was applied to by Mr. Richard Burke,* with a request to know my sentiments on the Catholic subject, which I did not disclose to him, declaring at the same time my good wishes to the Catholic body; and on the opening of the session in January, 1792, I gave the Catholics a decided support. Forgetting this, the pamphlet quotes a declaration, "that the Catholics could not induce any one member of parliament to patronize their petition." This

* Son of the celebrated Edmund Burke.

declaration was published, December, 1792, and the author charges from thence, that, until the petition was recommended by ministers, we had been Catholic persecutors. That charge also is a departure from fact: I remember giving in support of the Catholic petition and claims a decided voice and vote in 1792.

In January, 1793, their claims came recommended from the throne, and, in supporting their bill so recommended, I observed, that, however I might think it were judicious to go farther, I did think the bill communicated most important rights. In the session of 1794, the Catholic subject was not mentioned; but in summer, on a change made in the British cabinet, being informed by some of the leading persons therein, that the administration of the Irish department was to belong to them, and that they had sent for us to adopt our measures, I stated the Catholic emancipation as one of them. Thus the charge, that we were originally persecutors of the Catholics, appears to be a departure from the fact. Thus the charge that we took up the Catholics after the passing of the place and pension bill, as Irish matter of opposition, appears likewise to be a departure from fact. The proofs are in the proceedings of parliament.

The pamphlet of 1798, in the author's name, has said, that the experiment of conciliation was abundantly tried. Here is the second experiment, and here it is but just to acknowledge the wisdom of his Majesty, and the benignity of his intentions, when he was graciously pleased to recommend the Catholics in 1793, in his speech

from the throne, so that this body, thus royally patronized, might be attached not only to the constitution, whose privileges they were to participate, but to the great personage also, at whose special interposition they were thus parentally and majestically recommended. But as in the first experiment, the people of England, so in the second, was his Majesty betrayed by those infatuated, weak, and pernicious counsels, which had been, in 1789, the instruments of political corruption, and now became the horn of religious discord.

I will give the learned author every advantage, and, contrary to my fixed and unalterable opinion, admit the policy of excluding the Catholics from the constitution; yet should I, nevertheless, condemn the hostile and outrageous manner in which that exclusion was defended. "If," says he, "the Catholics do not subvert the Protestant government, they must resist the ruling passions and propensities of the human mind; they can never be cordially affected to his Majesty's government. I am confident, the old Roman superstition is as rank in Ireland now as in 1741: the profound ignorance of the lower order, the general abhorrence of the Protestant religion by the people, qualify them to receive any impression their priests can make; and if their minds be divested of veneration for the priest, such is the ignorance and barbarity of the people, that they would fall into a state of rude nature: the Popish superstition is not confined to the lower order, it flourishes in full vigor amongst the higher order."

This was the language, improper because not founded in fact, and impolitic and indecent in any man, though the facts could support it; idle, empty, and shallow ranting. The best way to distinguish the indecorum of such a speech, is to advert to a speech made on the same side of the question, by a gentleman who said everything that could be urged against their pretensions, without uttering a single syllable which could give offence to their persons, so that the Catholics might much more easily forgive the latter his vote than the former his speech; and, on a comparison of the two productions, you will see the eminent superiority of sense with temper, over talents without it. There are two sides in this question which men of principle might take, — for the measure or against it; but the ministry that took both parts could be justified by neither. The fact was, that the ministry encouraged the Protestants, and forsook them afterward; they brought forward the grand juries, and deserted them also, — then to the Catholics, — then to the Protestants, — then back again to the Catholics, and then to the Protestants once more. This was a great mistake, but there was a greater, and that was to be found in those speeches and publications from a quarter in high confidence, which vilified the acts of concession in the moment of conferring them; and, affecting to support the king's government, called the bill he had recommended *an act of insanity*. The incoherent plan was erroneous, but this was infatuation, — it was the petulance of power, — it was the insolence of

wealth, — it was the intoxication of a minister in a state of sudden and giddy elevation, breathing out on a great and ancient description of his Majesty's subjects the frenzy of his politics and the fury of his faith with all the feminine anger of a feverish and distempered intellect. It went to deprive the Protestant ascendancy of the advantage of temper, and of the graciousness of good manners, which should always belong to the powerful sect; it went to deprive the state of a certain comeliness of deportment and mild dignity, which should always belong to government; it fought in the king's colors, against the king's benevolence; it went to deprive his Majesty of the blessings of gratitude, and his people of the blessings of concord; it went to corrode where the Crown had intended to heal, and it curdled with the temper of the minister, the manna that was descending from the throne.

The argument that accompanied this invective was of little moment; a man in a fury cannot argue; the weakness of his reasoning will be exactly in proportion to the strength of his passion.

Behold a melancholy example of the victory of human passion over the human understanding. The present danger of the Papal power after the deposition of the Pope, the incompatibility of the real presence and of the worship of the Virgin Mary, with the interest of the House of Hanover, and the incompetency of parliament to alter the oaths of its own members, — such are the author's arguments. However, if the pamphlet of 1798 denies the competence of

parliament, here comes the pamphlet of 1800 to console you, and as the one sets the law above the law-maker, so the other sets the law-maker above the constitution, and both together would prove that the legislature is incompetent to admit a Catholic, but is perfectly competent to destroy a parliament.

We leave these arguments, and the vehement spirit with which they are poured forth, and come to the close of the pamphlet and the beginning of the subject, — the Union. Of one hundred and one pages, twenty-six only are devoted to the question; the rest contain feelings, battles, and sores from a perpetual encounter with all descriptions of men, and with patriotism, in all ages. As the author scarcely argues the question of Union, or indeed affects it, here I shall say but little; however, two great points he would establish I beg to advert to. They contain positions which are not only glaringly unfounded, but exceedingly dangerous; the first, That this country is unable to pay her establishments; second, That her constitution is incompetent to provide for her security. He attempts to warrant his first, by a statement affecting to prove, that in three years, if she was to continue without an Union, we shall owe £50,000,000. He states, that we borrow annually £8,000,000; he should have stated that we borrow but £4,000,000; whatever capital we may create on each loan, he should have stated how much less we should borrow on the adoption of an Union. He should have stated, that the projectors of the Union only proffered the payment of £1,000,000

x of our war establishment; that the present year was provided for; that the saving in the two following years of war will be, according to this proffer, but £2,000,000, and the purchase of boroughs will be £1,500,000. He should have stated further, that our war contribution was rated at £4,400,000, and that our present war expense was only £4,652,000, so that the proffer appears fallacious; and if we be unable to support our present war expense, we will be unable to support our war contribution; and the reader will observe, the present war expense is an occasional war establishment, principally caused by insurrection, whereas the war contribution will in all probability be a permanent war contribution, except as far as it may be augmented.* But there is an answer to his argument which is more decisive, it is his own argument in 1798, which is as follows: "First, as to the adequacy of the constitution for the purpose of security and connexion, next for that of wealth and prosperity.

"A parliament, perfectly distinct from and independent of the other parliament, forms a system the most critical and complicated; to a common observer, utterly impracticable; but experience has proved, that in the midst of popular turbulence, and in the convulsion of rancorous and violent party contests, the Irish Parliament, as it is now constituted, is fully competent to all political and beneficial purposes of government; that it is fully competent to protect this, which is the weaker country, against encroach-

* *Vide* Lord Farnham's excellent pamphlet, and his judicious speech on the Union.

ment, and to save the empire from dissolution, by maintaining the constitutional connexion of Ireland with the British crown." Here is the refutation of his second great argument, published by himself. Hear him conquer himself in his pamphlet of 1798, — here (page 5) he writes as follows: "There is not a nation in the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period;" — speaking of Ireland since the constitution of 1782, viz., for the last twenty years.

Here we add nothing, but that the author has been, by his own account, recommending an Union for these eight years; he has been, according to his own account, betraying, for these eight years, the constitution in her councils, in the very moments of his panegyric.

On this important discovery let others expatiate; to us it is more material to observe on his work, where it sets up our history against our constitution, and the annals of the parliament against its legislative capacity. To establish this, he has thought it prudent to advert to four periods in which the greatest questions were successfully discussed, and the legislative abilities were triumphantly displayed.

This pamphlet quotes the period of 1753, and relates, that a question regarding a surplus in the treasury was then started, to try the strength of two factions; which, in its consequence, transmitted a spirit that afterwards degraded the parliament; what, when, or where this parliamentary degradation appeared, we are at a loss to

discover; this is not history, nor comment, nor fact, but it is a garbling of history to establish a conclusion the opposite of that which the history itself would administer; the principle then determined, the importance of that principle, the abilities displayed on the discussion of it, and the real effect of both on the public mind, have escaped the pen of the historian; from that pen you would collect, that Mr. Malone and Mr. Pery were nothing more than two prize-fighters, embattled in the cause of faction, under two great state criminals, — the Primate and Lord Shannon; that they agitated a matter of no moment; but that they propagated sedition of great moment and fatal consequences to the next generation.

Having thus disposed of the parliament, and the characters of fifty-three (without the vexation of any study, or sordid obligation to fact), the pamphlet proceeds to dispose of the character of the House of Commons and the principal gentlemen of the country for fifteen years after. It had before represented them as incendiaries, it here represents them as plunderers; it sets forth, that, under the pretext of public improvement, the Commons plundered the country; and that their parliament, to pay their parliamentary following, plundered the treasury, until they imposed on the crown the necessity of resorting for supply to parliament; which the author most pathetically bemoans, and which he seems to think the only great grievance of the country.

Having given this history of parliament, from 1753 to 1768, it advances to the administration

of Lord Townshend, in which it seems to recollect nothing but the noise of opposition.

“The pamphlet of 1798, in the name of the author, had observed, that from the revolution of 1782, the system adopted by those in whom the power resided (they were those, among others, whom he had just been pleased to reprobate as incendiaries and plunderers), went to cement the connexion which had so long subsisted between Great Britain and Ireland, to their mutual advantage; the pamphlet of 1800 is pleased to observe, that the precedent of their government was fatal; and that a system was formed on it that would beat down any nation on earth; accordingly it states that the English government opened their eyes, shook, indeed, the aristocracy, but generated a race of political adventurers, full of noise and indecorum. I think I have heard spruce authority as petulant and indecorous as young ambition.

The attempts of the court to pack a parliament at that period, the increase of the establishment for that purpose, the great abilities displayed, the altered Money Bill, protests, prorogation, in short, the history of the period, once more escape this historian. The learned author now approaches the year 1779; the expedition of his march is very great, and very liberally does he leave untouched everything behind him; he is arrived; and here he scarcely is stricken with anything worthy of his history, save only the weakness of Lord Buckinghamshire in arraying the Volunteers, and the illiberality of the nation in demanding a free trade; the pamphlet

commends the Volunteers of that period; and yet I think I remember a young barrister going forth in his cock-boat, and scolding the waves of that ocean, and the waves regarded him not.* Certainly the Volunteers did take a most decisive part in the political and commercial questions of that day. Well, he has done with the year 1779; whatever he had to say on the great question then discussed and on that most pregnant period, in a few lines he has said it. History is nothing in his hands. In his account of the Parliament of Ireland for thirty years, the learned author has five ideas, and those are all false: faction in 1753; plunder till 1768; then noise of opposition; then the weakness of government; then the ungenerous proceedings of parliament; and as he before condemned your efforts to recover your trade with oblique censure, so now he condemns your efforts to recover your constitution with direct animadversion. He calls the settlement of 1782 the separation of a colony from Great Britain; bold adulation of England this! The alleged author of the pamphlet was in parliament the 16th of April, 1782; he made no objection to the separation: he was in parliament the 27th May, 1782; he made no objection to the separation: he wrote me a letter of congratulation at that time on the success of that settlement; he did not there mention this separation. Reading this publication now, and in the society of the two other pamphlets

* Alluding to Mr. Fitzgibbon's speech in 1780, when he termed the proceedings of the Volunteers "riot, clamor, and the production of a giddy faction."

of the same name, every Irishman feels himself less a gentleman and more a slave. The pamphlet, in its oblique censure, and in its direct animadversions, disparages every great act, and every distinguished character in this country, for the last fifty years.

Mr. Malone, Lord Pery (late Lord Shannon), Duke of Leinster, the Mr. Ponsonbys, Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daly, Mr. Yelverton, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Flood, Mr. Forbes, Lord Charlemont, and myself. I follow the author through the graves of these honorable dead men, for most of them are so; and I beg to raise up their tomb-stones, as he throws them down. I feel it more instructive to converse with their ashes, than with his compositions.

Mr. Malone, one of the characters of 1753, was a man of the finest intellect that any country ever produced. "The three ablest men I have ever heard, were Mr. Pitt (the father), Mr. Murray, and Mr. Malone; for a popular assembly I would choose Mr. Pitt; for a privy council, Murray; for twelve wise men, Malone." This was the opinion which Lord Sackville, the secretary of 1753, gave of Mr. Malone, to a gentleman from whom I heard it. "He is a great sea in a calm," said Mr. Gerrard Hamilton, another great judge of men and talents. "Ay," it was replied, "but had you seen him when he was young, you would have said he was a great sea in a storm." And, like the sea, whether in calm or storm, he was a great production of nature.

Lord Pery, he is not yet canonized by death;

but he, like the rest, has been canonized by x slander. He was more or less a party in all those measures which the pamphlet condemns: and, indeed, in every great statute and measure that too place in Ireland the last fifty years; a man of the most legislative capacity I ever knew, and the most comprehensive reach of understanding I ever saw; with a deep engraven impression of public care, accompanied by a temper which was tranquility itself, and a personal firmness that was adamant; in his train is every private virtue that can adorn human nature.

Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, — I wish we had more of these criminals; the former seconded the address of 1782; and in the latter, and in both, there was a station of mind that would have become the proudest senate in Europe.

Mr. Flood, my rival, as the pamphlet calls him (and I should be unworthy the character of his rival, if in his grave I did not do him justice), he had faults; but he had great powers, great public effect; he persuaded the old, he inspired the young; the Castle vanished before him; on a small subject he was miserable; put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter. He misjudged when he transferred himself to the English Parliament; he forgot that he was a tree of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty; x and his seat in the British Parliament is a caution to the friends of union to stay at home, and make the country of their birth the seat of their action.

Mr. Burgh, another great person in those scenes, which it is not in the little quill of this author to depress. He was a man singularly gifted with great talent, great variety, wit, oratory, and logic; he, too, had weakness; but he had the pride of genius also, and strove to raise his country along with himself, and never sought to build his elevation on the degradation of Ireland.

I moved an amendment for a free export; he moved a better amendment, and he lost his place. I moved a declaration of right; "with my last breath will I support the right of the Irish Parliament," was his letter to me when I applied to him for his support. He lost the chance of recovering his place, and his way to the seals, for which he might have bartered. The gates of promotion were shut on him, as those of glory opened.

Mr. Daly, my beloved friend; he, in a great measure drew the address of 1779, in favor of our trade, — that "ungracious measure;" and he saw, read, and approved of the address of 1782, in favor of constitution; — that address of "separation." He visited me in my illness, at that moment, and I had a communication on those subjects, with that man, whose powers of oratory were next to perfection; and whose powers of understanding, I might say, from what has lately happened, bordered on the spirit of prophecy.*

* This alludes to a private anecdote of Lord Clare and Mr. Daly, respecting the conduct likely to be pursued by the former in case a union was proposed.

Mr. Forbes, a name I shall ever regard, and a death I shall ever deplore; enlightened, sensible, laborious and useful; proud in poverty, and patriotic, he preferred exile to apostacy, and met his death. I speak of the dead, I say nothing of the living; but I attribute to this constellation of men, in a great measure, the privileges of our country; and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of your parliament.

The ministers of the crown, who, in the times related by the pamphlet, did the king's business, were respectable and able men; they supported sometimes acts of power, but they never, by any shocking declaration, outraged the constitution; they adjusted themselves to the idea of liberty even when they might have offended against the principle, and always kept on terms of decency with the people and their privileges. Least of all, did they indulge in a termagant vulgarity, debasing, to a plebeian level, courts and senates, and courting Irish infamy on a speculation of British promotion.

In the list of injured characters I beg leave to say a few words for the good and gracious Earl of Charlemont; an attack, not only on his measures, but on his representative, makes his vindication seasonable. Formed to unite aristocracy and the people, with the manners of a court and the principles of a patriot, with the flame of liberty, and the love of order; unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order; and cast on the crowd that followed him,

the gracious light of his own accomplishments ; so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person. For years did he preside over a great army, without pay or reward ; and he helped to accomplish a great revolution without a drop of blood.

Let slaves utter their slander, and bark at glory which is conferred by the people ; his name will stand. And when their clay shall be gathered to the dirt to which they belong, his monument, whether in marble, or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be resorted to as a subject of sorrow, and an excitation to virtue.

Should the author of the pamphlet pray, he could not ask for his son a greater blessing than to resemble the good Earl of Charlemont ; nor could that son repay that blessing by any act of gratitude more filial, than by committing to the flames his father's publications.

I have attempted to vindicate the dead, let us now vindicate the parliament. The question of 1753 was the beginning, in this country, of that constitutional spirit which asserted afterwards the privilege of the Commons, and guarded and husbanded the essential right of a free constitution. The question was of its very essence ; but the effect spread beyond the question, and the ability of the debate instructed the nation, and made her not only tenacious of her rights, but proud of her understanding. There might have been party — there might have been faction — mixing with a great public principle ; so it was in the time of ship money ; so it was in the Revolution. In these instances the private motive

mixed with the public cause ; but still it was the cause of the public and the cause of liberty. In great moral operations, as well as in the great operations of nature, there is always a degree of waste and overflow ; so it is with the sea. Shall we, therefore, pronounce the ocean a nuisance ? Thus, afterward, in the time which the pamphlet describes as the period of plunder, there was a spirit of private jobbing, mixing with the spirit of public improvement ; but that spirit of public improvement, and the commencement and birth of public care, was there also, and so continued, from the time of the sagacious Lord Pery, to the period of Mr. Foster and his wise regulations.

In the history of parliament, I observe the learned historian omits her laws ; the corn law, the octennial bill, the tenantry bill ; he has not only forgotten *our* history but *his own*, and most impartially contradicts what is written by himself as well as others. "No nation in the habitable globe, in cultivation, in commerce, in agriculture, in manufacture, had advanced in the same rapidity within the same period ;" says the pamphlet of 1798, in the name of the author (page 5). "A settlement so complete and satisfactory, as to render the revival of political or constitutional questions utterly impossible ;" so said the same pamphlet (page 9), speaking of the settlement of 1782. "A parliament (speaking of the Irish Parliament) fully competent to all practical and beneficial purposes of government, fully competent to preserve this country, which is the weaker, against encroachment, and to save the empire from dissolution,

by maintaining the constitutional connexion with Great Britain;" so said the same pamphlet, speaking of the constitution of 1782. Thus have these different works furnished their own answers, and, like opposite poison, administered their cure and their contradiction. In procuring that constitution and that trade, the Irish Parliament had great merit,—the servants of the crown had great merit,—the author had none.

As the author had censured the proceedings of both, let me be their vindicator. Those servants of the crown proved themselves to be Irishmen, and scorned to barter their honor for their office; that parliament, whose conduct the pamphlet reprobates, had seen the country, by restrictions on commerce, and by an illegal embargo on her provision trade, brought, in 1779, to a state of bankruptcy; that parliament had reposed in the liberality of the British Parliament an inexorable confidence; that parliament waited and waited, till she found, after the English session of 1778, nothing could be expected; and then, that parliament (and here behold the recuperative principles of our constitution, and contemplate parliament, as the true source of legitimate hope, though sometimes the just object of public disapprobation), that parliament at length preferred a demand; I say a demand, for a free trade, and expressed, in a sentence, the grievances of a country. They shorten the money bill, assert the spirit of the country, and, supported as they were by the whole nation, break, in one hour, that chain which had blocked up your harbors for ages. They follow this by a

support of government and of empire, as ample as was their support of their country and their commerce bold and irresistible; and do more to deter and intimidate the common enemy, than all your present loans, and all your establishments.

I come to the second period; and here they fall back; here they act reluctantly; but here you see again the rallying principle of our constitution; that very parliament, whom the pamphlet vilifies, whom the minister thought he had at his feet, those very gentlemen whom the pamphlet disparages, whom the then secretary relied on as a rank majority, made a common cause with the people, — made a common cause with their liberties; and, assisted and backed by the voice of that people, preserved, carried, and established the claim, inheritance, and liberties of the realm, and sent the secretary, post, to England, to recant his political errors in his own country, and to register that recantation in the rolls of his own parliament. These achievements we are to estimate, not by the difficulties of the day, but by the difficulties resulting from the depression and degradation of ages. If we consider that the people and parliament who had thus associated for the defence of the realm, and had added to the objects of their association the cause of trade and liberty, without which that realm did not deserve to be defended, had been, in a great measure, excluded from all the rest of the world; had been depressed for one hundred years (by commercial and political oppression, and torn by religious divisions); that their ministers had not seldom applied themselves to

taint the integrity of the higher order, and very seldom (except as far as they concurred in the bounties of the legislature) applied themselves to relieve the condition of the lower order; that such a people, and such a parliament, should spontaneously associate, unite, arm, array, defend, illustrate, and free their country; overawe bigotry, suppress riot, prevent invasion, and produce, as the offspring of their own head, armed cap-a-pee, like the goddess of wisdom issuing from the thunderer, *commerce* and *constitution*. What shall we say of such a people, and such a parliament? Let the author of the pamphlet retire to his closet, and ask pardon of his God for what he has written against his country!

I state these things, because these things have been called clamor; I state these facts in opposition to slander, as the defence of my country; to restore from calumny the character of her constitution; and to rescue from oblivion the decaying evidences of her glory.

I think I know my country; I think I have a right to know her; she has her weaknesses; were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less. The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse; but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination; the errors incidental to such a principle of action, must be their errors; but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errors may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country. The minister should, therefore, say what I say to

my country; I who am no better than one of yourselves, but far superior to your tyrants, I who probably partake of your defects, and shall be satisfied if I have any portion either of your spirit or of your fire, "Come, come to this heart, with all your infirmities and all your religion."

We return to the publication: we look for something to build or plant in the immense waste, — the huge moral devastation this writing has left of the talents, ability, and credit of the country. Three pamphlets of this author lie open before me, a publication of 1793, another of 1798, and the present of 1800, all in the same name. Here we are to look, I suppose, for whatever is by him suffered to remain unlevelled of profound wisdom, liberal policy, comprehensive system; the true principle of government and of a free constitution; leaf after leaf, and period after period, have I turned them over; the author will show in what part of these poor things those great maxims are to be discovered; to mere mortal eyes these publications seem to be a system of political, moral, and intellectual levelling; scurrilous in themselves, they betray a native, genuine horror of anything like genius, liberty, or the people; great audacity of assertion; great thrift of argument; a turn to be offensive, without a power to be severe, — fury in the temper, and famine in the phrase.

I find, and lament to find, in those levelling publications the following sentiments: That Ireland is a British colony, and that to demand a free constitution, was to separate from Britain;

that Ireland may prudently submit to legislation without representation ; that Ireland had no parliamentary constitution till the time of James the First ; that the creation of the dependency of the crown for supply on the Commons, was a pernicious precedent ; that the remedy for our present free constitution, and the only security for the connexion, was to put in the place of the British parliament the commanding influence of the British cabinet over the Irish legislature. Couple this with a declaration, that half a million had been resorted to some years back to buy the Commons of Ireland ; couple that with the declarations continued in this pamphlet, that, for the last seven years, a noble minister of the crown had perseveringly recommended the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and an union in its place ; couple all this together, and the result of the pamphlet will be the most complete and ample justification and panegyric of that opposition, who for a course of years have, with honest perseverance, reprobated that minister's administration. I will not say it is a justification of rebellion, but it is the best defence I have seen ; it amounts to a direct charge, for those last fifty years, on the aristocracy, and on the Commons, of faction, of plunder, of breaches with England, and of facts of separation ; and it particularly condemns the parliament for those very measures on which she must rest her credit and authority with the people ; and further, it charges that before any rebel was in the country, a leading minister in the cabinet was himself, and has been for eight years, a secret adviser against the

parliamentary constitution of Ireland, of course against the fundamental laws of the land; to such a work, containing three fabrications, four capital departures from matter of fact, together with the disparagement of his country, and of almost every honest public character for the last fifty years, I do not think it necessary to say more.

I conclude, therefore, by repeating what I already solemnly declared, that

It is not fact that we excited the Catholics.

It is not fact that we persecuted the Catholics.

It is not fact that we adopted the Catholic measures after the place bill and pension bill had passed, and in quest of new matter of opposition.

It is not fact that I ever declared or wrote that the adjustment of 1782 emanated from Duggan.

It is not fact that I ever compared the parliament that accomplished that adjustment to the parliament of 1613.

It is not fact that I ever declared that the Catholic would be most powerful if these nations were separated.

It is not fact that I ever abandoned to popularity the draft of a bill for vesting in the parliament of England a power of imperial legislature.

It is not fact that I ever saw, agreed to, or heard of any such draft.

It is not fact that I ever agreed to an alliance with any English party, to oppose any plan of national concord.

It is not fact that I ever entered into any

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